1346 a, 24

THE Assembly, A COMEDY.

By a *Scots* Gentleman.

Dr. Pitcairne

Glomorantur in unum,
Innumeræ pestes Erebi, quascumque sinistro
Nox genuit Fœtu.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, MDCCXXII.

Drammatis Perſonæ,

Will. A Well humoured ſmart Gentleman, who having fallen in Love with *Laura*, the Lady *Bigot's* Neice, aſſumed the Character of a *Whig* Preacher, in order to facilitate his Courtſhip.

Frank. A well bred Man, newly come from Abroad, not well skill'd in Divinity, who fell in Love with *Violeta*, Neice to the Lady *Bigot*, and in order to facilitate his Courtſhip, aſſumed the Character of a *Whig* Preacher.

Lord *Whigridden*, A *Presbyterian* Peer, a rigid Fool.
Lord *Huffy*, A mere Mad-Cap, *Presbyterian* Peer.

Mr. *Novell*, A *Jacobin* News Monger.
Mr. *Abednego Viſioner*, A fanatick News Monger.
Mr. *James Wordy*, The Old Lady *Bigot's Presbyterian* Chaplain.

Old Lady *Bigot*, and Mrs. *Rachel* her Daughter.
Mrs. *Laura*, and Mrs. *Violeta*, the Lady *Bigot's* Neices.

Moderator of the General Aſſ——.
Mr. *Salath.* little Senſe.
Mr. *Timothy Turbulent.*
Mr. *Covenant* plain Dealer.
Mr. *Solomon Cherrytrees.*
} All *Pre.* Preachers.

Ruling *Elder*, An ignorant Blockhead, Member of the Aſſ ——.
Mr. *John Spalding* Clerk to the Aſſ——.
Mr. *Shittle*, A complying *Epiſcopal* Miniſter.
Mr. *Orthodox*, A non-complying *Epiſcopal* Miniſter.
Mr. *Turncoat*, An *Epiſcopal* Expectant, complying with *Presbytry*.

Captain of the *Guard*, who came with Orders to Diſſolve the Aſſ——.

THE

47. 3. 13. 292

THE PROLOGUE

The Author gently doth beſpeak and pray,
The Criticks Favour for his firſt Eſſay.
Our Northern Country ſeldom taſtes of Wit,
The too cold Clime is juſtly blam'd for it:
Nothing our Hearts can move, our fancy Bribe,
Except the Gibberiſh of the canting Tribe.
'Tis a long while ſince any Play hath been,
(Except Rope Dancing) in our Nation ſeen:
Yea, but in this our all reforming Age,
We have a Play, the Pulpit turn'd a Stage!
And *Jack* the Actor, doth appear Devout;
The only Way to catch the ſenſeleſs Rout.
With Humms, and Ha's and groaning, whining Tone,
He Preaches Nonſenſe and Rebellion:
And to obtain his Int'reſt and Deſign,
To break the Church, and Abdicate the King.
For Tears and Pray'rs, he maketh uſe of Lies,
Impoſtures, Shams and horrid Forgeries.
Kirk Diſcipline he, ſeemingly, doth Prize;
But takes, in private, *Venus*'s Exerciſe.
He uſes *Canons*, in the lit'ral Senſe;
And calls the worſt Rebellion, *Self Defence.*
He teaches Children how to diſobey,
And ſhake the Laws of all Morality:

Yet,

Yet, notwithſtanding, he ſlurs ov'r the ſam
Ev'n with Religion, and a toning Name.
Theſe Arms and Weapons, fairly repreſent,
The *Presbyterian* Kirk is Militant.
True Comedies ſhould Humour repreſent:
I think, for once, we've well enough it hit—
No Character's too wild, nor yet Extravagant
For, there is nothing treated in our Play
But all Men know, the *Whigs* do act and ſay:
Thus you have taſte of their new Goſpel Way
Our Authors gently, do beſpeak and Play:
Sure they have Reaſon; for the *Scottiſh* Wit,
Is only giv'n to Cenſure, not to Writ.
Criticks for Need; for there are many ſuch,
Whom Art and Nature hath not better'd much
Yet if this take, we'll ſurely promiſe more:
For, of this Kind, we have laid up in Store;
Matter enough to make a Dozen more.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WILL. and *FRANK.*

Bull Tavern.

WIL. DEAR *Fran*, dare I truſt mine Eyes, what a Devil hath brought you hither?

FRA. A *Borrowſtounneſs*-Ship, and a good *Proteſtant* Wind. —— Dear *Will.* how glad I'm to ſee you; Thou, with St. *Gile's Church*, ſo nigh convinces me, I'm in *Edinburgh*.

Will. Why? hath your Sea-Voyage ſo diſtemper'd your Head, that you doubt on't?

Fran. No. But I have walked the Streets ſince Six, encompaſſed with ſo many ſtrange Faces, that I imagine my ſelf caſt upon ſome new Plantation on the other Side of the Globe; or they look not like the Inhabitants of this World.

Will. Neither they are indeed: For they came from Heaven; and ſome of them, you

ſee, have broke their Backs with falling
But, how long haſt thou been in Town?

Fran. Short while as yet—— upon my firſt
Arrival, I was carried away to one my Lord
Whigridden, all the Way the Crowd gazing on
me, as ſome *American* Monſter.— This Pee
encloſed with a Dozen of grimacing Fellows
dreſt up in Clokes, cringing and bowing to
him, like ſo many Beggars looking for Supply
from a Country-Presbytery, Aſked me, when
the Siege of *Mons* was raiſed.

Will. What anſwered you then?

Fran. I ſaid, as the Truth was, The 28th
of *Auguſt Stilo novo*. *Stilo novo* Replies one
of theſe Reverend Gentlemen? we ask not, of
Stilo-novo in Savoy; but *Mons* upon the *Rhine*
ſays another, how many Men loſt King *Will*
in that Enterprize? Not one, anſwer'd I; for
it was done, e'er he came. 'Tis a wonderful
Providence then, ſaid he; 'tis the doing of the
Lord, ſaid another, there's nothing impoſſible
with God, ſaid a third.

Will. What ſaid you all the while.

Fra. You may be ſure, I had little to ſay in
that new Way. But, ſays that Shadow of
Nobility, is K. *W.* at preſent at *Mons*? No
ſaid I, but K. *Lewis* is, which I had ſcarce ut-
ter'd, when with the univerſal Conſent of the
whole Company, I was ſentenced to Impriſon-
ment for a certain Animal, called a *Suſpected*
Perſon, and hardly after an ingenuous Relati-
on of the whole Story, eſcap'd, with the Li-

berty take a Glaſs of good *Claret* with you my old Friend here.

Will.— Good Claret ſay you: Faith, that's not to be had, without the Miracle of the Marriage of *Cana* in *Gallilee*. We've got a Set of Men who call themſelves *Chriſt*'s *Diſciples*; But, methinks they are unlike their Maſter; for the firſt Effect of his Power was to give good Wine, the firſt of theirs, is to take it from us.

Fran. In Queſt of good Wine, commend me to *Hippocrates* Diſciples; I always found their Advice moſt ſeaſonable in that. I' Faith come *Drawer*, let's taſte what you have.

Will. Thy Health *Frank*; Devil take me if K. *J.* would be welcomer to a ſtarving Curate than thou art to me.

Fran. Can'ſt thou give an Account of my Friends in the Country.

Will. Little or none at all.

Fran. Then I find there is nothing more hard than to avoid ſpeaking about the *Times*, as they call it.

Will. —— Except it be ſpeaking Good of them, tho', for my own Part, I find no Reaſon to complain; for I find them as good Whoring and Drinking Times as ever: Only with this Difference; whereas, before we were *moſt Chriſtian Drunkards*, we're now turn'd *moſt Catholick*, and the Compliments we took before out of *Caſſandra* and *Cleopatra* for our Miſtreſſes, we're, now, beholden to the *Song of Solomon* for

for them. The Money we were won't to gi
to Bawds, we now give to Phanatick Mi
ſters Wives: And whereas before, honeſt Fe
lows coin'd new Oaths at a Glaſs of Wi
we now ſend our Repreſentative to Parli
ment to do it for us.

Fra. — A wonderful Reformation indeed.
But what new Oaths are theſe, I pray?

Will. The Allegiance and Aſſurance; th
is to ſay, I ſwear K. *W.* has Right to wh
he poſſeſſes, elſe I cannot longer keep wh
I have Right to.

Fra. —— Faith there's no Danger in th
Conſequence —; for I confeſs, I ſhould thi
a ſubtile Parliament could contrive an Oa
which the Nation could not firſt ſcruple, the
take, and *Laſtly* break——But, I admire ſuc
a ſudden Change; for your Phanaticks we
turned mighty Loyal Gentlemen, before
parted hence.

Will. You might have admired juſtly if
had been otherwiſe: Who thinks ſtrange th
a Pick-pocket runs away with your Mone
when you truſt him? Or that an old Roc
cheats a young Country Squire. I'll tell the
Man, to believe a *Presbyterian Proteſtation*,
to think as much as a Man cannot cheat, b
cauſe he lies. I'm reſolved ne'er to truſt
Phanatick till I get him on his Chair of Ve
ty, (the Stone in the *Graſs-market*) the Villa
is there forced to tell ſomething of the Truth
that is to ſay, that he dies a Rogue and
Rebel.

Fra

Fra. Tell me ſincerely, *Will.* what think'ſt thou of the State of the Nation: My Concerns about ſome Friends intereſſed makes me inquiſitive.

Will. —— Gad, 'tis a moſt monſtruous Body politick, for I have neither Time nor Rhetorick to deſcribe it. You may have an Abridgement of it, by converſing with the People in Town. A Man who had walked betwixt the *Strait Bow* and the *Croſs*, would imagine he had marched out of K. *W*'s Territories to K. *J*'s: They have both their Kingdoms in this Town; I' Faith, Only with this Difference, K. *J*—s domineers in the Taverns, and K. *W*'s at the Council-Table.

Fran. That muſt oblige a Man to an *Italian* Strictneſs in Converſation.

Will. In that you may do as you liſt; for I aſſure you *Sincerity* is a Quality as much out of Faſhion, as its improſperous. Gad you'd ſwear it had been abdicate in the late Convention, with *K. J.* and declared a Rebel to the State. For my Part, I'm forc'd to turn *Tory*; for a Man can hardly get a good Commerad, or a Woman of Wit and Diſcretion; on the other Side on't among our *Whigs*, a Man that hath as much Senſe as would keep him from being diſinherited of his Father's Fortune, is thought a *States-Man.*

Fran. Pox on the *Raſcals*, Then I'm reſolved to have nothing ado with them: Methinks its a mean Ambition for a Man to be the beſt of this Company. *Draw.*

[Enters *Drawer*.]

Draw. There's one Mr. *Novel.* desires t ſpeak with you Gentlemen.

[Enters *Novel.*]

Nov. Sir your humble Servant—— Dea Sir, hegh I have been (embraces him) ſeek ing you in all the Taverns in Town—hegh— Dear Sir, when was *Mons* ta'en.

Fra. I'm glad to ſee you well, How doth my Father?——

Nov.—— And how many Men hath the K of *France* there.

Fra. I aſk the Man, how all my Friends I' the Country are; I have heard ſome ill Reports.

Nov. Nay, for Reports; we have had ſuch Reports about the *half Moon* of *Barlemont* and that damn'd *Fortugueſe-Skipper.*

Fran. The Devil take thee for a damn'd eternal Fool. [*aſide*

Wilt thou reſolve me as to my Relations in the Country, and I ſhall give thee thy Belly-full of that afterwards?

Nov. Nay, but *Marſhal Bouflers*, how does he? If thou hadſt not won my five Guineas.

Fra.—— Wou'd I had paid four of them, if thou wouldſt anſwer me. When didſt thou ſee my *Friends* in the Country?

Nov. The Country! Say you? I'd have you know, Sir, that I went not to the Country ſince the Revolution: I'd ſooner go to Purgatory. Why? A Man can have no more cer-

tain

in Intelligence in the Country, than good *quors*. Their News are as ſophiſtical as eir Wine, I Gad! But ſtill as touching *Mons. Fra.* Then I'll tell you the Sum of it, as at upon the 28th of *March*, it was ſurren-ed.

Novel. And all the Garriſon put to the End the Sword, Were they not?

Fra. That had been pretty indeed! Faith, y as ill as fighting; and Articles of Peace the General's Pocket.

Nov. There is an honeſt Fellow can inform about.

—— Exit *Novel.* Enters *Drawer.*

Draw. I have been ſo plagued keeping a ntleman out of your Company, I have told a Thouſand Lies —— But nothing will ve his Turn —— There he comes. He calls nſelf Maſter *Abednego Viſioner.*

Enters *Viſioner.*

Viſ. Sir I have not the Honour of your Ac-intance; I remember I was once in Com-y with you —— But I know his Miniſter, et Mr. *Violent*, wonderfully, well —— Moderator Sir, You know, Mr. *Hugh* bid me put up ſome Interrogations about King's Affairs abroad.

Fra. Sir I ask you Pardon. I neither know Moderator, nor your King's Affairs ad.

Viſ.

Vif. The Moderator of the *General Aſſembl* Sir —— Not that I mean it as a Title of Di nity, for the Place, you know, is Ambul tory. But, no doubt, Sir, you can inform m if their be any Thing ——— I ſay if t King is to be conjunct Emperor, or not?

Re-enters *Novel.*

Nov. ———Conjunct! ſay you——Dam me, He'll be ſole Emperor or Nothing; I pawn my Ears, he'll be at the Gates of *Vien* e'er a Month.

Vif. Sir, I ask your Pardon; I believe he i tends to be at the Gates of *Paris* firſt.

Nov. Yes, I know he is already at *Verſai*

Will. Theſe two Gentlemen (to *Frank* aſi are in a mutual Miſtake, we muſt keep th there, I' Faith; for if they diſcover one a ther, they'll put Fire in the Houſe.

Vif. Well Sir, But think you will our Ki have our Court at *Verſails*, or at *London?* S meaning, you know, after he hath vanquiſh all his Enemies——— you underſtand me

Nov. Why not at *London?*———Yet whe think better on't, if he ſtays at *Verſails*, an there happen another Revolution, they w not have *Deſertion* to lay to his Charge.— Beſides it would prevent frequent Charges Court——Gad! A Treaſurer might m himſelf Rich e'er a Chancellour went to *ſails* to diſcourt him, and back again. —— Well, I am ſatisfied, let it be at *Verſails.*

Vif. Nay there would be this furder Conveniency in it, you know, my Lord wants a Coach, now he may get an *Anſtruther* Bark, and whip her to *Verſails*; but our Moderator (poor Man!) it would be too far a Voyage for him.

Nov. What a Devil, would he not venture to ſee the King?

Vif. Truth, I think it would be e'en too far for him to venture.

Nov. Gad, I do not queſtion but he would; if there were but a new Indulgence, we ſhould have a new Addreſs, I' Faith.

Will. Damn the Fools [*Aſide.*

'Twill out.

Vif. I'm ſure the King will ne'er indulge thoſe whom he knows to be Enemies to His Government: Its true, the Queen is a little more Heretical.

Nov. That's to ſay, She is a little more addicted to *Popery.*

Vif. Indeed Sir, you ſay right; for I can call it no other Thing —— I ſee you underſtand Matters, as one would ſay —— Here's your Health —— But the Church of *England*, I hope in God, to ſee it ruined.

Nov. If it ſhould, their Clergy are to be blam'd: Gad! theſe Biſhops of *England* are a Pack of odd Fellows, they'd part with Heaven ſooner than with their Benefices.

Vif. A rare Gentleman this —— [*Aſide.*

——But have you heard Nothing of K. J being ill.

Nov. If it be ſo, ſome People may be ſorry

Viſ. The Prince you mean; Yet I can hard ly call him a Prince, being ſet up to defraud our preſent King of his juſt Right.

Nov. And for that he deſerves not the Name of a Prince, a meer Robber and Uſurper, I Ga

Viſ. I won't ſay that, the poor Babe ha no Blame.

Nov. That's moſt certain — But to defraud a poor innocent Child of its juſt Right.

Viſ. What Child?

Nov. The Prince of *Wales*, I Gad, what othe

Viſ. The Prince of *Wales*! a ſhitten Baſtard, meer Impoſtor.

Nov. Are you there, you rotten Phanatic you——I might have known you by your Fiend-like Face. Come, here's K. *J.* Health to you; drink it out or I'll be the Cat's *Guts* o'you [*Drin*

Viſ. Here's K. *W*'s Health to you: See wh dare refuſe it.

Will. Sit down, Gentlemen; No Quarrels her

Nov. K. *Willie*, that Monky in Roy Robes, that Creature of the giddy Rabble, th blazing Star of a *Dutch* Fog, which will away in Smoak.

Viſ. K. *J.* a meer empty Title by t Grace of God, King of Great *Limrick*, *Athlo* and *Galloway*, a Deſerter and a Run-away, t *French* K. firſt Penſionary of State!

N

Nov. K. *Willie*, that Bullie of Twenty or hirty *German* Lairds, Guardian of the Pro-ſtant League, 'twixt the Pope, the Empe-ur, K. of *Spain*, and Duke of *Savoy*; General the moſt high and potent Cow-ſtealers of *skilling*, and Preſident of an Aſſembly of Mad-en in this his ancient Kiugdom of *Scotland*; poor mean Thing within two Months March Miſery.

Viſ. That is of K. *J.* and his Army.

Nov. Do'ſt thou know thy own State, Creed, Miniſters Litany, and *Engliſh* Gazette?

Viſ. I'd have you know, we uſe no Creed r Litany, more than carnal Senſe and Rea-n, in our Religion.

Nov. 'Tis a damn'd Lie, for your Miniſters ayers are ſtuffed with the Gazette: And I ieve for no other Reaſon have they ſhut up Coffee-Houſes upon *Sunday*, but leſt Men ould know what they can ſay, and ſo ſtay m Church.

Viſ. But well——what of the Gazettes?

Nov. *Mons* is taken, I Gad!

Viſ. That's a Miſtake, the Garriſon of *ons* has ta'en the *French*, and detains them thin the Town, and compels them to keep rriſon for them there.

Nov. O God. Such a notorious Forgery! e *Baltick* Kings have deſerted the Proteſtant eague, that's not true either I'll warrand.

Viſ. 'Tis no Matter: For in their ſtead we e to have the K. of *Moroco*, the K. of *Mogul*,

and Preſter *John* who is a Presbyterian, Faith! and I can tell, how many grand Czar and Dukes, and a that— and I'll tell you more The *Freneh* Fleet's frozen in at *Breſt*, an cannot get out this Year.

Nov. All damn'd Phanatick Lies, I Gad!

Viſ. I'll warrand my Lords-man of *Struther Dykes* and the——— of *Annandale*'s Viſion three Heads, all Lies, I'll Warrand theſe Tori will believe nothing at all.

Nov.——— And theſe Phanaticks believ every Thing.

But I'll teach you to ſpeak Truth you ſilly Rogue, you. } *Boxes him o the Ear.*

Viſ. I think you are the Meſſenger of Satan ſent to buffet me; well, I'll mind you the next Rabbling, } *Runs off*, Nov *chaſing him.*

Will. We've got a Bottle, now we'll go t Church, where perhaps we may meet with Wench. [*Exeun*

ACT

ACT I. SCENE II.

Old Lady's Lodging.

. Wordy *discovered sitting by* Mrs. Rachel, *his Hand about her Neck; a Bible in their Hands. The Old Lady walking aside.*

O. Lady. INdeed, Mas *James*, I hope she will learn to expone Scripture, { *Old Lady turns the other Way.*

l she not?

Word. She will be able to erstand the most of hidden ysteries in a short Time. } Kisses *Rachel.*

In these Words there be three Things con-erable.

Rach. So, three Things I understand that.

O. Lad. Blest be God, Mas *James* that sent to my House; Great was the rcity of Family-Exercise we our'd under, but I hope my ughter *Rachel* shall shortly derstand, and practise it as well. { *Mr.* James *rises & stands while the Lady speaks.*

Sit down Mas *James.*

Rach.

Rach. No, Madam, he exerciseth best standing, 'tis more convenient I think.

O. Lad. But its wearisom to Mas *James*.

Word. No, Madam, I'll give o're in Time.

O. Lad I know such is the Frailty of h Natute, she will weary first.

Rach. Indeed no Mother, Mas *James* ca tell I love it very well, I could hear him abou the three Things considerable twenty fou Hours if he pleased: But much Exercisi makes him dry, Mother, and he's e'en forc to gi sooner o'er than I wish'd, God know many a Time.

O. Lad. Teach her Mas *James* to drink in the sincere Milk of the Word, that she may grow thereby. } *Exit Old Lady.*

Wor. The Truth is, she is a very pliabl Scholar.

Rach. The Truth is Mother, I know my sel growing by it these six Months bypast ex treamly; my Petticoat will hardly meet by a Quarter, he hath used me so to it, that I fear I shall hardly live without it. [*Aside*

Wor. How gravely, my Dear, look'd I al the while?

Rach. You outdid not me there more than a the three Things considerable, I was at your Chamber this Morning, but you was gone. [*They Kiss*

Wor. I was at Mr. *Solomon*, and told him th Cas

ſe, he bids us be of good Chear and fear no-
ing, ſeing he is ſure the old Lady will con-
nt to the Match, and give it out we were
arried ſix Months ago, rather than open the
ouths of the debauch'd Malignants by the
andal of your being with Child.

Rac. I hope the General Aſſembly will give
u. a Call.

Wor. Doubt never that, I can get a Dozen
hen I pleaſe; what Time ſhall we meet to
ight?

Rac. I'll come to your Chamber about
welve or One, my two wanton Couſins *Vio-
ta* and *Laura* begin to ſuſpect my being with
hild, they wou'd be glad of this to wyt me
ith, for many a fair Lecture have I read to
em againſt the ſcandalous Cuſtom of ſpeak-
g of Men, and looking over the Windows at
em.

Wor. They ſhall know nothing of it, we
uſt —— now part, for I muſt
hear what the Committee [*Kiſſes.*
oes to Day, —— ſo expects
u according to your Promiſe.

Rac. You never knew me fail } *Enter* Laura
u, you knowI ever hated ly- } *and* Violetta.
g its a moſt abominable Sin.

Wor. Indeed its abominable Sin.

Rac. But mum —— there comes my two
ouſins.

Vio. Methinks Mr. *Wordy*, you keep my
ouſin under too ſtrict Diſcipline, ſhe's quite
loſt

loſt her Complexion of late, and ſeems to b
taken up with your Exerciſe, that ſhe can
ſleep in the Night.

Wor. Verily, Madam, your Couſin
Rachel may be a Pattern, for I am
always exhorting her to Watch and } *Exi*
Pray, and it ſeems, ſhe is very ob- } *Wo*
ſervant — But e'en God be wi' you.

Lau. Well, Couſin, my Siſter and I
come to ſee if you will go hear Mr. *Sol*
preach to Day.

Rac. It were a Sin to ſlip the
golden Opportunity of hearing ſo } *Exit*
precious a Man, I'll go make my } *Rache*
ſelf ready.

Lau. Well, this Congreſs is broke up, F
methinks our Couſin *Rachel* not Nice
when ſhe bruiks up with this *ſure* Divine
promiſes not much I'm ſure.

Vio. But he performs better, elſe *R*
wou'd have nothing to do with him —
Siſter what think you of our Life and Con
ſation at our godly Aunt's Houſe, we ſe
Body but *Whig*-Miniſters, and old Phana
Ladies, we hear nothing but long Prayers
ſenſeleſs tedious Sermons, and Lectures,
ſometimes for our Divertiſement, we read
Call to the unconverted, *tormenting Tophet*,
ſuch profound Pieces, that in Faith I u
ſtand no more, than our old Lady hears t
when they are read no louder than the Bell-
cries!

Lau. Methinks the *Lady's Calling* would ſuit us better —— but Faith Siſter, if the *Whigs* be Saints, I'll take their Communion out of my Creed, for I'll believe nothing I hate.

Vio. I'll be rid of this impertinent, religious nonſenſical Blatter, by the firſt Conveniency I aſſure you.

Lau. And if I do not the like, may I be made a Nun, a Thing as croſs to my Inclination, as unbefitting my Complexion: But I hear the Bell, come let us go.—— *Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE III.

A Church.

The Committee debating, Moderator, Mr. Salathiel, *Mr.* Turbulent, *Mr.* Solomon, *Mr.* Covenant, *Lord* Whigridden, *Ruling Elder, Webſter, Lord* Huffy *with a Whip in his Hand.*

Mod. I See many malignant Spies here to Day, they're come for ill and nae good, I have ſeen the Day when a malignant Eye got not Leave to look on the Work

of the Lord, the greateſt Nobles of the Nation thought it their greateſt Honour to ſtand at the Door of the Houſe of God, with drawn Swords to keep out the Malignants, whom they knew by the firſt Gliſk of their Face.

Tur. Its better to be a Door-keeper in the Houſe of God, than to dwell in the Tents of wicked Men I think its both their Honour and Duty, and we ſhould command the Nobles of our Time to do the like.

Huffy, Since I am not thought worthy to be a Member of this godly and learned Aſſembly, I offer my ſelf, with my Whip, to be one of your noble Guards at the Door and begs you to believe, That there is no Title with which I am Dignified, I wou'd be prouder of, than in being one of the Scourges of the Lord. *Lord Huffy ſtarts and clacks his Whip.* *Clacks his Whip again.*

Mod. My Lord, I cannot but commend your Zeal, for I am ſure among all our Nobles there's none fitter to ſcourge the Malignants out of the Houſe of God —— But to our work Brethren —— There is two Sorts of People who have taken their Hands from the Work of the Lord. *Firſt*, The *Tories* who never put their Hand to it. *Secondly*, The Court-Party ſo we poor Men, Man e'en put our Shoulder to it, & take a good lift of the Cauſe of Chriſt, I aſſure you it will never break one of our Backs

Cov. Its your own Cauſe, and your own Intereſt ay forſooth is't.

Mod. I wad fain keen what ye wad do.

Turb. Why, *Mod.* I think fit we have a Thanks for the Defeat of the Duke of *Savoy*.

Sala. Rather a Faſt, for he was on the Confederate Side.

Mod. I think rather Brother, *Turb.* has the right End of the String, for he was but a Burthen to the Confederates, and God's Judgments came upon him for perſecuting the poor *Proteſtants*.

Cov. Indeed *Mod.* he's as good a *Preſbyterian* as K. *W.*

Mod. Out's Brother, *Turb.* Had your Tongue o'that, we muſt not be too ſevere, we muſt not rip up old Sores.

All the Committee ſpeak together, ſome for a Faſt and ſome a Thanks.

Mod. Let's pray to drown the Noiſe, and quiet our Spirits.

Cov. What needs a this fool Praying.

Mod. Prays —— Our Minds are diſordered, and we do not know what we are doing or ſaying; Lord gi' us Grace, or thou ſhall not get Glory, and ſee wha will win o'that —— (Now ſince by his Providence the Dinn's done, I wou'd propoſe a *Dilemma*, I mean an *Alternative*?) Whether ye will plant the Kirk of *Scotland*, or the Kirk of *England* firſt.

Cov. Truly, *Mod.* I think Charity ſhou'd begin at Hame.

Sala. Of a Truth, *Mod.* I think ye ſhou'd firſt plant the Kirk of *England*, for there's no Miniſter there, and we have a Call to preach the Goſpel throughout the whole World; That Place is all o'regrown with Briars and Thorns, and they'll o'rgang *Scotland* too, except we ſend able Men to tread them out. You know I wrote a Book proving, That Kingdom guilty of Scandal, Errors, Ignorance, Superſtition, and Will-worſhip, beſides many of them have a ſpiritual Sibneſs, and paſtoral Relation to ſome of us.

Mod. Will the Folk call you, or will you go back again.

Cov. What needs a this Pother about Mr. *Salathiel*'s going back, they've got a good enough Loan of him already; I know likewiſe, he dare not go back, for there's an Order for a Juſtice of Peace to apprehend him, if they can catch him.

Solo. Tho' I'm not a Member of this Meeting of Chriſt's Kirk, yet I am a privy Member, I am concern'd for the Kirk of *Scotland*, that pure Virgin, her Lips are like Threeds of Scarlet, her Speech is comely, her putting Breaſts are like two young *Roes* that are Twins, and feed among the Lillies, her Navel is like a round Gobblet, and wanteth no Liquor, her Belly is as

From a Corner.

a Heap of Wheat ſet about with Lillies, ſhe
s been defloured theſe twenty eight Years by
Curates, I intreat you then Brethren, for
Mercies of Chriſt, get able Men, with Soul-
reſhing and inbearing Gifts, to do Duty to
, to dreſs her ſeaſonably and abundantly,
ay, forſooth.

Turb. Moderator.

Sala. Moderator.

Solo. Fortification!

Cov. Fornication with the Virgin, That's as
as the *Curates* hobbling on the Whore of *Ba-*
n, and begetting the fourteen black Birds.
—no more about that.

R. El. Cleenſe out the *Keerats*, that the Goſ-
may be preech'd, let that be firſt deen, its
Wark o'the Lord.

Veb. My Lord Moderator. } *One knocks at the Door, Officer opens* Ent. *a Webſter.*

Mod. Away with theſe, proud *Prelatick*
les, call me Brother *Mod.* in the Lord Jeſus.

Veb. Well then my Lord Brother *Moderator*,
he Lord Jeſus, I have brought a Covenant
n our own People in St. *Andrews*, to make
worthy Earl a Ruling Elder.

Mod. You ſhou'd call that Paper a Com-
ſion.

Veb. Covenant or Commiſſion that's all one,
I think the Word Covenant ſounds bet-
e'en ca' it what ye pleaſe for ye'r
k-lear'd.

Mod.

Mod. My Lord by his Providence, we got a Commiſſion from the zealous Webſte Suters and godly Women in St. *Andrews*, your Lordſhip to repreſent them in this Ju catory; Its grivaminous for you to have wa ed it ſo long, e'en give us your Opinion ab what we were ſpeaking.

Whigr. I have done as good Service to t honourable Judicatory as any Man living, ruining and rabbling the *Curates*, I have ma ged the whole civil Intereſt with much W dom; yet as *Nehemiah* ſays, It requires me *be an Office-bearer in the Houſe of G* therefore I deſire ye *pray* for me ſix Mon *without ceaſing*, that I may be fit for t great Work.

Mod. 'Tis not diſhonourable e'en we f God's Bleſſing, and he never gave a Burd but he fitted the Back for the bearing it.

Whig. Tho' I be conſcious to my ſelf of own Imbecility, yet I ſhall offer three Th about planting ye were ſpeaking of. *1ſt*, the only Time to delve in Order to pl *2dly*, Its the fitteſt Month now for plant *3dly*, Its the fitteſt Time of the foreſaid Mo now to plant.

Mod. My Lord we know not what ye wo be at, we were ſpeaking about planting o Ki and ye ſpeak of planting of Trees and Hed

Whig. The Matter is the ſame, for its the

Time to delve out the *Curates* by the Spade
he Spirit.

Mod. Let's Adjourn now till Afternoon,
l ſpeak about theſe Things then at more
gth, at that Time when we meet again.

Scene cloſeth.

CT II. SCENE I.

Lord Huffy *in his Night-gown,*
Boys, Boatmen, Hirers and Fidlers.

THE Devil take me, my Lord, if there be not a whole Battalia } *Enters a Boy.*
Boatmen, Hirers, and Fidlers that have be-
ed the Houſe, I hardly eſcaped with my
e to tell you.

Huffy, You Dog, Whore's Son, muſt I be
ter'd with you too ye Raſcal.

Boy, Good Faith, my Lord, its not beſt your
rdſhip make a civil War within, when the
emy threatens us without, they'll be hard
ugh for us both; and beſides we are far from
Guard.

Huffy, You damn'd Villain a Whip. } *Boy brings a Whip, Huffy throws it at him.*

You

You damn'd Rascal, did I not break that upon the Lady the other Day, get me the great Whip —— what wou'd ye have ye Villains. ——

My Lord ap armed with his Boatmen, Hirer Fidlers throng him.

All, We wou'd have our Money. ——

1st, Boatman I have sail'd this Boat t fifteen Years; and D'ill take me, my Lord ever I was so guided by any Man, Gentl Semple, how shall poor Men live, when and the like of you, will not give us our Mo but abuse us like Dogs this gate.

Huffy. This to me ye Villians. } *Offers beat th*

2d, Boatm. God damn me my Lord, if be so us'd, off Hands is fair Play, as *John M cur* said to the Devil, by my Saul my Lord your Head were as White as *Willie Mill*'s Be I'll ha —— my Fraught, and that I will.

3d, Boatm. God nor my Boat were in Bottom of the Sea, if I be not paid, what n a'this, I serv'd the D. of *Rothes* (his praise God) E. of *Marshal*, and my *Dundee*, God nor the D'ill blaw me i' the like Peelings of Onions, if e're ane of t offer'd the like to me, since e're I cross'd *Br Sland* Water, or God nor it be my hindmost.

Huffy, Get ye gone ye Dogs, I'll slash y

4th, Boat. What needs a'this, where w this slashing at *Gillickranky*?

Huffy, Call the Guard.

Hirer, D'ill a Guard nor Guard till we be aid. Its much to your Lord-hip's Credit to abuſe a poor Lad this Way; if ye will not pay my Horſe, pay the Plaiſter for my Head. *Shows his Head.*

Huffy, Ye damn'd Raſcal, ye ſhall get the ſtocks to keep, for offering ſuch a Horſe to a Nobleman.

2d Hirer, Raſcal here, Raſcal there, I'll hae my Money; its a Shame to abuſe a poor Man's Horſe, that has no other Way to win their Living by.

3d Hirer, Make a Diſh of Kail of my Powny an ye pleaſe, he's lying at the Dike-ſide; 'twixt me and God I paid fifty Pounds of good Siller for him not eight Days ago —— Noblemen, the D'ill made Sutors Seamen; we have got ſo many Earls and Lords now i'the D'ill's Name, God nor *Beelzebub* had a Back-burden o'them.

Huffy, Villains, Raſcals, —— O God, to be abuſed ſo; Fy, for a half a Dozen of Men —— There's no Help, —— What would you ſay, Sir?

Fid. God bleſs your Lordſhip, it was not willingly your Lord-ſhip did it —— But look to our Inſtruments, there's a Violin broke juſt at the Neck —— all the Town will not put her together again; there's the Back of an old Baſs Viol, as good as ever Man laid Bow on — look you my Lord. *Shows his Noſe.*

Huffy, Why the Devil wou'd you not pla the Tune I desired?

Fid, Indeed my Lord we knew it not.

Huffy, Must I give you Money ye Caterwou ling obstreperous Villains, Baboons, to Peop who cannot play, go all of you.

All, We'll know for what we came first.

Huffy, Take you here your Fraught Dogs.

Boatm. Ay! but what's for cutting the Cabl and breaking the great Pump?

Huffy, Take you there—— what must y have you Dog?

Hirer, Ye know my Lord there's so much f the Horse.

Huffy, What ye Dog, your Horse?

Hirer, God damn him be's me looks aft him again —— That's a good an indeed — Besides the breaking of the great Manger, an my own Head, a Baillie wou'd have allowed m four Pounds of Assythment, besides the Fin

Huffy, Come to me afterwards, and ye sha get a Bill on the Minister of *Weems*'s Stipend

Fid. My Lord mind us now, ye see my No here —— and my *Sunday*'s Cravat wort twenty Pence, spoiled with Claret Wine i the Glass ye threw at me—— ye see ou Fiddles are useless The blind *Harper*, you Lordship had a fling at him too.

Huffy Damn your Heads and your Instru ments, they are so confoundedly tender, tak you there.

Fi

Fid. God bleſs your Lordſhip, and all your oble Family.

Huffy, Henceforth e Dog. } *Exeunt Boatmen, Hirers & Fidlers.*

I ordain you to learn to re Wounds, and carry a Box of Plaiſters out with you, and not put me to all this edleſs Expences —— and get twenty Ells of hip-Cords; I have not a whole one in my uſtody.

Boy, Indeed its no Wonder, your Lordſhip es them ſo unmercifully.—— *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

A Church.

Mr. Solomon *abſolving a Fornicatrix, the Congation looking on.* Will. *and* Frank *ſitting by* oletta *and* Laura, *Old Lady and Mrs.* Rachel *r by.*

O The Wickedneſs of Man's Heart, for once or twice to be ſurprized with Temptations is no nder, but for one of the People of God, to n the Mouths of the wicked, and to wallow

like a filthy Swine long in the filthy Sin
Fornication. O! it ſhou'd be for a Lamentat
on, Say, What it was Woman, that tempte
you to ly ſo long in the foul Fact.

For. Ah! Sir, when once this abominable f
thy Fleſh of mine had rebelled againſt the Spir
and the Devil had gotten Poſſeſſion, what care
I for it; I let him do with it what he pleas'd
was not worth the keeping any more, but
preſerved my Heart clean to my bleſſ
Maker.

Will. Fair Creature, would I had } *To Vi*
Poſſeſſion of thy fair Body. } *letta*

Vio. If you had Sir, I ſhou'd wiſh
you dealt more like a Gentleman, than it ſee
the Devil has done to this poor Girl, a
you had uſed it a while to give it
again.

Will. Why not if you were ſo } *Mrs.* Rachel
impertinent to demand it, well } *& frowns, and*
this is a happy Re-encounter, } *warns* Will.
this is a handſome Creature a' } *pinching to for*
Faith, and I find I'm like the Devil indeed
have a vaſt Appetite for holy Fleſh —
But I ſee I have that Monſter to conquer e
I catch my golden Fleece —— Well I have
len on a Stratagem in Love, which was ne
practis'd before.

Vio. Behold thou art } *Will. takes the Bible*
fair my Love. } *throws up a Paſſage*
} Violletta *who reads.*

Fr

Fran. I am as well ſtated here as your ſelf, intreat you ſhow me a Place to throw up to his Lady, I vow ſhe's young and pretty.

Will. wi'ſt Fool, thou can'ſt not ſee this —— *O that thou wert as my Brother who ſucks the Breaſts of my Mother, I ſhou'd lead thee, and bring thee into my Mother's Houſe.* { Violetta *points to* Will. *he reads.*

The Congregation diſmiſſeth, Will. *offers to convey the old Lady home, they ſtand and diſcourſe,* Frank *goes away with the Crowd.*

Ol. La. Well, I wiſh all the *Nebuchadnezzars*, and *Belſhazzars* of the Age were like this young Gentleman.

Vio. But what may be the Senſe of the 8. Chap. 1. Verſe of the *Song* of *Solomon.*

Wil. The beſt Commentators ſay, That *Solomon* alludes to the *Metaphor* of a Man, and his Miſtreſs, and none being admitted among the *Jews* by ſtrict Mothers to converſe with their Daughters, ſave Brothers and ſuch near Relations, the Bride wiſhes her Gallant were as her Brother, that ſhe might converſe familiarly with him, but ſince that cannot be, ſhe was forc'd to go out and ſeek him in the Fields, and the Town-guard met her and mal-treated her.

Ol. La. That Senſe is very ingenuous, and there

there may be ſeveral Uſes of Inſtruction an Conſolation drawn from it.

Will. Come, my Beloved, let us walk in th Fields, let us lodge in the Villages, ſuch a the *Canongate*, in Reſpect of *Edinburgh* an Vine-yards, ſuch as the Lady *Murray*'s Yard to uſe a homely Compariſon.

Ol. La. A wondrous young Man this!

Rach. He is ſo indeed ——— But I ſay, Y wou'd do well to take your Nieces out of hi Way ——— well if this be not a Plot then.——

Ol. La Now hold your Peace, I cou' hear the Gentleman diſpone Scripture all th Day long, he illuſtrates every Thing ſo wel with homely Expreſſions, and applies ſo na turally to our preſent Condition,———

Rach. That he will debauch your Niece, n more but that.——

Ol. La. No reſt Mrs. for your impious In terruptions, thou art yet in the *Gall of Bitter neſs*, for I ſee thou haſt an Averſion to edify ing Diſcourſe ——— ſay on Sir.

Will. The *eighth Chap.* towards the Cloſe, *Thou that dwelleſt in the Gardens, cauſe me to hear thy Voice.*

Vio. That's ſtill alluding to the Metaphor of a Gallant, who, by ſome Sign, warns his Miſtreſs to make haſte, (a Whiſtle or ſo) the ſame with early in the former Chapter, that is to ſay, *To morrow at ſix A-clock make haſte to accompliſh our Loves.*

Ol. La.

Ol. La. Thou art a hopeful young Girl, I pe God has bleſſed my Pains on thee.

Vio. But I have a little Siſter that has no eaſts.

Will. Moſt Interpreters underſtand the Gen- s by that.——

Vio. Juſt like this Siſter of mine here, whom know, Aunt, we had a great Difficulty to ng to the right Way. This is the ſame etaphor carried on a little further, and the oman after ſhe has beſtowed her ſelf, wou'd e her Gallant Commands to provide for her ter.

Will. Why truly this is the ctical Meaning of the Words, thinks it were but reaſonable ſhou'd be concern'd, that the r Siſter ſhou'd be provided. } *Enters the Lady's Maid.*

Maid, Mr. *Solomon* and Mr. *Covenant* are ting on your Ladyſhip.

Will I muſt be gone then,—— r Servant Madam. } *Aſide.*

Ol. La. I muſt wait on the Mini- s——your Servant, Sir. } *Ex. Old La. Rach. and Laura.*

Will. I hope Madam, you will be nuch. Chriſtian as to obey this rd of Prophecy to morrow by 'twere a Pity, an Intrigue begun in Doctrine, d not be brought in Uſe. } *To Laura.*

Vio.

Vio. Good Sir, my Divinity is meer Specu
tion, I believe you think I had an ill Mean

Will. No Faith, but its fit ye ſometi
converſe with practical Pieces; Beſides the
corum require you ſhou'd practiſe what
preach; and for your little Siſter, my Com
rade, who ſat next me in Church, has as g
Breaſts for her as any in Town and will
glad to lead the ſtraying Siſter in the r
Way.

Vio. Well Sir, I'll try to obey } *Is going ſmiling him.*
you for once—— The Will of the }
Lord be done.

Will. And if I fail, I wiſh I turn *Eunuch*
This is the prettieſt Way of courting *Presbyte*
Ladies Daughters or Nieces (Gad I know
what ſhe is yet) I ever heard of, or let me
hang'd, but I ſhall love the Bible for it, as l
as I live: But I'll follow her at a Diſta
that I may find her Lodging, then I'll f
know what ſhe is.

Exit after

A C

ACT II. SCENE III.

A Church,

The Committee,

My Lord Whigridden, Moderator, *Mr.* Covenant, *Mr.* Salathiel, *Mr.* Solomon, Ruling Elder, Clerk.

Mod. BRethren, it hath pleaſed God of his good Pleaſure, to allow us another Opportunity, to ſhow our Zeal in his Work; Well, call in the Curate with his Petition, and diſpatch him: But firſt, Let's us reſolve what Anſwer to give.

Sala. Reſolve, Mod. to grant them Nothing at all, for give them an Inch they'll take a Span.

R. El. I jeedge it geed, and for the ſekeerity of the Proteſtant Religion, that nae Keerate get leave to ſet's Fit within this Bigging.

Mod. Mr. *Salathiel*, What ſay you?

Sala. Bona certe, Mod. if ye have a Mind to hear what he has to ſay, its beſt to call him in, but if otherwiſe, I think it beſt he be not called in.

Turb. I ſay, Mod. If he bee's admitted with-
in theſe Walls, let him not come nigh any o
us; *Touch not the unholy Thing ſaith th*
Lord, Let's not ſalute him, or give him any
Teſtimony of Reſpect or Favour.

R. El. Or Jeeſtice Mod. for it wou'd offen
God.

Mod. Well ſhall we call him in, that he may
come in?

R. El. But ſee the Doors be no apened t
him.

Mod. Officer, call in Mr. *Shittle.* { Officer call Enter Mr. *Shittle.*

Shittle, Mod. I bring a Petition and Addreſs from my Brethren of the *Epiſcopal* Perſwaſion, deſiring it may be inſtantly read and anſwered, upon which I take Inſtruments. { Throws Money to the Clerk who takes out his Spectacle's and looks on the Money and puts it up.

Mod. We ſhall juſt now call you in——— and give you your Anſwer——— now Brethren what ſhall b done now, my Lord, your Advice at this Jun cture. { *Exit Shittl*

Whigr. If I ſhou'd add to what has been ſai at this Time upon this Subject, it wou'd be lik a rath Touch of Pencil upon a complete Pictu by an unskilful Hand. ——— Curates not be ing the Miniſters of Chriſt, its fit there ſhou

be a Sub-committee appointed for drawing up Articles againſt the Petition.

Turb. There has been nothing at all ſaid on this Subject at this Time, and I hope ye will not Anſwer it ere it be read, will ye? A Vote, } *All the Commit. cry.* a Vote. *Moderator*, whether ſhall this be anſwered ere it be read, or read ere it be anſwered.

Mod. That all our Spirits may be compos'd let's pray———hem——hegh,——— *O Lord who art the Author and Finiſher of all our Diſorders, who directs us in all our Confuſions to do thy holy Will, ſettle our Spirits, and e'en gi us thy beſt Advice for thy own Wark, or it will go the war on.*

Cov. E'en read a Line of it quietly to ſee what they wou'd have.

Clerk Reads. { *To the Miniſters and others who by Law have Power to conſtitute Church Judicatories.* The humble Petition of the Miniſters of the *Epiſcopal* Perſwaſion.———

Mod. Stop there Clerk, we'll read no more.

Turb. We will not hear it *Mod.* they call us not the Miniſters of Chriſt.

Cov. I believe they think us Miniſters of Iniquity.

Sala. And beſides, they ſay Power conſtitute by Law; I hope there's none here thinks we're conſtitute by Law.

Cov. Can Law conſtitute Judges of Chriſt's Church? No; and they call themſelves Miniſters of the *Epiſcopal* Perſwaſion, we'll give no Favour to any ſuch People, we'll root out the *Canaanites*, and not leave one of them alive i the Land.

R. Eld. Indeed we ſuid make an Act of Tranſportability, ordaining the Civil Magiſtrate to baniſh them out of the Kingdom, and beyond the Line.

Mod. Call in the *Curate* —— we will have nothing to do with your Petition; Sir, take it to you again, we'll give our Reaſons for our Refuſal afterwards. } *Officer calls, Enter Mr.* Shittle.

Shittle, We are clear in our Conſciences to join with you in purging the Kirk of all ſcandolous heretical and negligent Miniſters of all Sorts, and chiefly of all ſuch of our Perſwaſion as refuſe to own your Authority, for we acknowledge your Power *de facto* over us all, and all Power is of God that's certain; for it is one of the thirty Nine new Articles. But conſider its long ſince we were in the Poſſeſſion t the Power, *God puts down one, and ſets u another*, the Inclinations of the People are ver changeable. and let that be a *Memento mori* t you *Mod.* Beſides, we propoſe very reaſonabl Terms of Communion, we're ready to ſubſcriv the *Confeſſion of Faith*, be in it what will; we

con

nvinc'd in our Conſciences as much as any
re, that no Faith is to be kept to a *Popiſh* King,
d we both pray and preach heartily againſt
e late King *James* and the King of *France*
th all their Accomplices, we're as much
ainſt the dangerous Principal of *Non reſiſtance*,
l paſſive Obedience, as either your ſelves or
e new Church of *England*, and we are clear
judging and depoſing Kings when ever
y diſpleaſe us. In ſhort, *Mod.* You'll find
r Conſciences as tractable in all Things as
ur own, except one Scruple we deſire to be
v'd in.———

Mod. What's that, Sir.———

Shittle, 'Tis this, you know *Mod.* you have
poſſible Aſſurance and Promiſes from you
ow whom, that your Kirk ſhall be the Kirk
iumphant, and the new Church of *England*
nks ſhe has as faithful Promiſes, and as good
ounds that ſhe ſhall prevail, now we are
clear in our Conſcience, which of theſe
omiſes will be keeped: Therefore, *Mod.*
we deſire is, That you'll let us ſit at our
e-ſide, and preach for our Stipends, till this
ighty Caſe of Conſcience be reſolved and
ermined, and then we'll know what to do.

Mod. Sir, in a Word for all your
g Speeches, we'll have nothing
do with you.

{ *Exit* Shittle *ſhaking his Head.*

Turb.

Turb. Better the Houſe of God ly in Rubbi
than be built by *Samaritans.*

Mod. Now Brethren it may be Cauſe of
mentation for us the Day, to ſee that the Sta
do not go on Hand in Hand with us in
Wark of the Lord.

Cov. It ſets them well indeed, to be as
forward in the Cauſe of God as his own S
vants: Na, *Mod.* if they keep ſight of us, a
be really at our Call, we ſhall ſeek no more
them.

Sala. Alas *Mod.* they're ſae far frae that, th
now ſeem to have turned their Backs upon
what have they not by Act of Parliament tak
the very Thunderbolt of Excommunicati
from us, have they not taken away all t
civil and temporal Effects of it.

R. El. Fat hae they deen? if that be tr
we're but a Boick of drone Bees witho
Stangs.

Cov. Indeed Brother you ſay very righ
what will Malignants care for our Curſes if
can do no more, ye ken they're better at th
than we're na herry them, and ſhame the
was the ald gate o't.

Sala. But, *Mod.* what was my Lord *Whig*
and the reſt of our Elders who were Membe
of the Parliament doing when that Act paſt.

Mod. In troth they cannot be blam'd for i
becauſe it wou'd have look't *Prelatick* like the

o have watched and guarded, that the Church ustain no Prejudice, you know that was a eaſon given for *Prelates*, their being in all ourts; Moreover, they know if any ſuch Act ere made, it was an impious Law, and of it elf null, and of no Force;—— But, my Lord, hat ſay you for your ſelf?

Whigr. We have now Reaſon to lament ith *Jeremiah*, and with *David* to ſing, *Except e Lord build the Houſe*, and the Kirk of *cotland*. In my Lord my Father's Time ſhe was tortified with Cannons, Pikes and Guns, that here was no ſurprizing of her: But ſhe's but ke a Garden without either Dike or Defence; e are left to our ſelves every Way, and to ou that's a hard Caſe; For I wou'd have ought, that in ſo good an Act as that, re-inding ſeveral wicked Acts of Parliament as at, for keeping the 29th of *May*, they ſhou'd ave foiſted in theſe wicked Acts anent Ex-mmunication; for to tell you the Truth, I ever conſidered more of an Act than its Title, d that I thought it founded well enough; but been ſince conſulting with Sir *Littlelaw* a awyer and Friend of ours, who tells me, The laim of Right will ſecure us well enough as to at.

R. El. If we be nae otherwiſe ſekeer'd but by e Claim of Right; we ha' a cauld Coal to ' at; I wa'd ance ſekeer the Quintra frae

free

free Quarters, and the reſt of the Abeeſe mentioned in it, and ſyne we may expect ſom Gee'd o't this Day; for they ſay h takes Fits.

Solo. What Fits? Fits of the Mo- } *From* ther, mean you ——I've an infalli- } *Corner* ble Cure for that.——

R. El. Nae Fits of Madneſs.

Cov. That's a helſom Diſeaſe to be trouble in Spirit; I —— wiſh there were mae ſick o that Diſeaſe.

Sala. If that be all, its no great Matter.— *Semel cuſanivimus omnes.*

Turb. What needs a' this Din about an A of Parliament; cannot we make an Act a Declaration of Aſſembly reſcinding and a nulling that Act of Parliament, and there an End o't; this is is not the firſt Tim we have done it.

All. Well thought on —— } *The Commit* moſt reaſonable. } *applaus'd.*

Mod. Its but to adjourn till to Morrow Morning, at which Time Let's meet by Aclock, Time's precious.

Scene cloſe

A C

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady *Murray*'s Yards,

Will. *and* Violeta *meet in a Walk.*

Will. I See tho' thou art not the Challenger; yet thou art firſt in the Field. *He offers to embrace her.*

Vio. You ſee I am a Woman of Honour—— Off Hands, good Knight its too ſoon to grapple, yet ſince I was not the Challenger, I have the Choice of the Weapons.

Will. I beg your Pardon, Madam; Murderers are not to be treated according to the Law of Arms, you wounded me ere I did draw, and in Church too; I am reſolved to repay you ere we part.

Vio. I warrand you think me one of your Conventicle ſighing-Siſters, whom if you catch by their Bibles, ye are as ſure of them as of Maids when you catch them by their Smoke. What more would you have, our Love was begun in Church before the Prieſt; But we muſt be there once again before we end it. [*Aſide.*

Will. So much Beauty, Wit and Innocence, I can bear it no longer nay, but this proud Heart of mine — damn, whining, ſighing, humble Love — come bear it out — ſtoutly once more. *Aſide*

Vio. Well, this is a fair paſs— I find truſting my Perſon to a Stranger, no Wonder he thinks me a good one ſince raſhly I have engaged my Forces. The next Thing I muſt think on is, a ſafe Retreat, I muſt keep a good Rear-Guard — you was better at preaching laſt Day, it ſeems you want a Text. *Aſide*

Will. Faith, Madam, I have a Text. I wou'd handle cloſely here. *Offers to kiſs her.*

Vio. Bear off, good Sir, its Superſtitious to kiſs the Bible, forbear a little, yet you'll find this Text ſomewhat hard for you, and you muſt pray ere you meddle with it I aſſure you.

Will. Hungry People forget, Madam, to ſay Grace: I ſhall not fail to ſay a good long one, after I have eaten my Belly-ful; I muſt contradict you, Madam; and to let you ſee I'm conſcientious, I'll confine myſelf to eat of this Diſh ſo long as I live rather than it ſhould ſpoil; Gad its too good a Morſel for a ſplay Mouth.

Vio.

Vio. If you mind to make your daily Bread it, Sir, I'll be ſo much your Friend, you ll never taſte till I ſee Grace fairly ſaid.

Will. To be plain, Madam, are you not ary of your godly Aunt; (for I have got count of your Geneſalogy already) her eter- Whining, Lecturing, and religious Non- ſical Cant of the Right Reverend Godly ockheads of the Phanatick Order.

Vio. I was never very fond of 'em, Sir; and Truth, methinks, I have e'en fool'd too ch Times that Way already.——

Will. Wou'd you not be obliged to any that u'd deliver you, I ſwear its high Time for now to be looking after the Buſineſs of r Creation.

Vio. I would gladly know how that muſt be e, I believe I ſhould not be wanting to my Part.

Will. I'll marry you at the Rights: if you find in your Heart to give your ſelf to an- eſt Fellow of no great Fortune.

Vio. Truth, Sir, it were fully as much for future Comfort, to beſtow my ſelf and Little I have upon you, as ſome Reverend rk in Band and ſhort Cloke, with the Pa- ony of the good Gift of Prayer (which, aps, he will put in Exerciſe for two Hours on es on his Brithle Night, when I ſhould wiſh were looking after ſome other Thing) and

with as little Senſe as his Father (who w
hang'd in the *Graſs-Market* for murdering t
King's Officers) had of Honeſty.

Will. Then I muſt acknowledge, Dear M
dam, I'm moſt damnably in Love, and mu
have you by foul or fair Play: Chuſe y
whether.

Vio. I'll give you fair Play in an honeſt Wa

Will. Then, Madam, I can command a Pa
ſon when I pleaſe, and if you be half ſo ki
as I can wiſh, we'll take an Hackney, and t
up to an honeſt Curate's Houſe, beſides
Guinea or ſo, will be Charity to him perhap

Vio. Hold a little, I'm hardly ready for th
yet; I intend, tho' I parly, not to yield at t
firſt Attempt, and my Little Siſter is not p
vided for, according to the ſecond Part of t
Lecture.

Will. Gad I had forgot that, I was ſo tied
you, That I could not think on my Friend *Fra*
who is moſt dangerouſly in Love with her.

Vio. If he believe not his Name, Sir, that m
be a Match too, for ſhe has laboured lo
enough in this Purgatory, and wou'd be thar
ful to her Deliverer I believe; —— but,
this Time, my Aunt will be calling loud
upon her Chaplain Mr. *Wordy* (her appare
Son in Law) for Family-exerciſe, if I were a
ſent, the abſolute Decree would paſs againſt m
I ſhou'd be ſhut out of the Verge of Grace.

Will. Why call you him her apparent Son in Law?

Vio. Faith its apparent in her Daughter's belly ——— but I muſt be gone.

Will. I hope, one who has been ſo chriſtian-bred will not leave her firſt Love ſo ſoon, that's indeed falling back, but in the wrong ſenſe, and beſides, how ſhall we meet again, the *Canticles* will furniſh us with no new Occaſion; I ſaid all I knew of them yeſterday.

Vio. I'll put you to a Taſk may perhaps fright you, but its the only Way to ſee me, go put a double necked Cloke, an high crown'd Hat; and all the other Appertinencies of a *Preſbyterian* Miniſter, not forgetting the true Tone, Smack, Cring and decent Sigh, and in this Diſguiſe you may venture up to my Aunt's Houſe. Faith you need not doubt, your Welcome from her. I think it beſt you bring with you your Friend, Sir, leſt *Laura's* Mouth water, and ſhe ſpoil the Plot, I'll prepare the Way, and tell my Aunt. I invited two godly Miniſters to dine with her that are juſt now come from *Holland*, I'll ſay, I ſaw you at my Lady *Conventicle's* Lodging this Morning.

Will. By the Lord I'll do it, I could tranſform my ſelf into a ſtranger Monſter for your dear Sake.

Vio But hardly to a greater Beaſt, Sir, *Laura* will be at *Herriot's* Yards after Prayers, meditat-

meditating, but I ſhou'd not wiſh your Frien *Frank* know this, he would, perhaps, diſtur her private Thoughts.

Will. I believe he may, for he uſes to wal there, to ſhun the Impertinencies of Stree Fops, who perſecute a Man as unreaſonably, a ever a Dragoon did a *French* Proteſtant.

Vio. Or a *Cameronian*— a Miniſter and hi Gown ——— But I muſt go, ſo adieu, do yo know our Lodgings?

Will. Faith and that I do —— Fare- well my Dear, I am thy devoted Ser- vant I aſſure you ——— } *Ex Vi olett*

Now I'll go to *Frank*, and ſend him to mee the little Siſter, and in the mean Time endeavour to lay by any little Senſe I have that I may the better fit the Character Ian to put on —— But here he comes Good News for you Friend. it will do Man, the Ladies are pliable, by the Lord,

Fran. I am truly reſtleſs till I ſpeak with this *Laura*.

Will. She'll be juſt now in *Heriot*'s Yards after Prayers, ſhe walks there Boy.

Fran. Gad I'll attend her } *They walk toward th Street, they meet Peo ple as they go, & bak*

What grave reverend Peo- ple are theſe, do'ſt thou not know?

Will. Gad, that's a Parcel of *Presbyterian* Miniſters, IFaith *Frank* Theirs may be called the Fooliſh-

oliſhneſs of Preaching in a literal Senſe, h in their Prayers and Sermons. They're ghty Pandarick; for this Sentence has no re Co-herence with what is paſt, or Con-ction with what is to follow, than the *Ave aria* has with the Lord's Prayer. They have nfinment to Senſe and Reaſon, but freely e ſuch confuſed Notions as the Spirit of God tates to them, (as they uſe, to preface it) s indeed is the only Thing I know them ep Promiſe in; what Grace they may have annot tell, but for Gifts methinks they are very throng about them. They have not my Opinion many Talents to anſwer for, y ſhould (its true they are not wanting) to down carnal humane Learning, for they're ſcarce of it as Honeſty.

Fran. Gad, methinks, Chriſt's Vineyard is ill Tenant-ſtead, as we uſe to ſay of our nds.

Vill. If I had ſuch Tenandry in my little Inter- I vow to God I ſhould let it lay Lee, rather ides, if my Tenants were as impertinently nely with me, as they're with their Maſ- I ſhou'd not bear it ſo patiently.

But there's a Convention of Univerſity-men, o truly may be divided into Claſſes, Fools Knaves; They are all of the latter Sort, and greater Part of the Former, the moſt of n are ſo ignorant, That indeed it were hard

to

to gueſs their *primum Cognitum* ; They are the old Heterogeneal Principles, for they ſp one Thing, think a ſecond, ſwear a third, m tain a fourth ; and if it could be believed a fi Says one Fellow, —— Why muſt I loſe my P for two Lines of an Oath ; ſays another, ſwear, but I'll be the old Man ſtill for all th A third, I have a Family muſt be maintained Saith the fourth, I'll keep my Place meerly deſpight my Collegue, who would have out of it ? So down go the Oaths as ſa tender Chickens ——— with a *Presbyterian* niſter after the *Sunday's* Sermon.

Fra. I thought the Brethren of Iniquity agreed better —— and that there was no J ling among them.

Will. Gad theſe Sparks can never agree w their Intereſts are divided; If they can c one another of a Scholar, that's their g Plot, when one has got behind his Neighbo Back, his Conſcience is as wide as Hell, ſo throwing Dirt at his Neighbour, he beſpat himſelf. In ſhort, Honeſty and Ingenuit baniſhed far from them, Diſſembling is t chiefeſt Quality. *Exeunt* Walk

A C

ACT III. SCENE II.

Changeth to the Old Lady's Houſe.

Old Lady, *Mr.* Solomon, Cherrie-trees, *&c.*

Old Lady, MR *Sol.* Have ye not convinced my Niece, my ſtubborn, obſtinate Niece, that there ſhould be Union and Communion betwixt the Members of the ſaid Kirk, and that for the better Performance of this, there ſhould be a Party betwixt the Members.

Sol. Indeed there ſhould be betwixt Miniſters, but not betwixt two lay Elders.

Ol. L. But as to the fitteſt Poſture in Time of Exerciſe.

Sol. Indeed I can never get her convinced, that ſtanding is be far the moſt convenient.

Ol. L. But remains ſtill obſtinate as to her Perſeverance.

Sol. I can hardly perſwade her, that a fallen Member will ever riſe again; —— But as for theſe Things, Nothing but Experience, Madam, —— wait but a while till ſhe feel the in-

bearing Work about her own Heart. I reſo
to Viſit and deal with her, ſhe is in her Ch
ber I hope.

Maid, Pray you ſtay a little, Sir, ſhe is quiet now dreſſing herſelf. } Sol. *Ruſhes ward into Chamber.*

Laura Retires in Diſorder. He catch hold on her.

Sol. No Matter, I muſt be inſtant in S ſon and out of Seaſon.

Maid, I think you are in a prick Haſte Faith.

Sol. I'm reſolv'd to be impudent for once. } *Aſide.*

Madam, tho' you ſhould be never ſo obſtinate, theſe two fair Breaſts of you evidently prove Parity in the Church-Me bers, look you do, One of theſe tyranni and inſult over the other; Thus and thus th have in brotherly Love and Concord togeth Do not imagine that the natural Body there thus orderly, and that the Wife ſhould ſuff ſuch a Blemiſh in the Myſtical. { Laura *retiring* Handling her Breaſts.

Laura, Good Mr. Parſon ye muſt fetch you *Similies* elſe where, I'll aſſure you I'll be neith Parable nor Metaphor to your Kirk-Gover ment.

Sol. Dear Madam forbear that Antichriſtia Name of Parſon, that curſed Prelacy runs ſ

your Head; But this leads me to diſcourſe
bare Breaſts, and gaudy Apparrel. What a
eous Thing is it for a Chriſtian Proteſtant
man for her Breaſts to be ſtru ting out
s, yea ſome will diſcover them this length
heir eternal Shame.

Laura, Men of ſuch Mettal as you cannot en-
e it; but however Methinks you are too
iliar, I'm ſure ye never uſe to handle the
t ſo cloſely.

l. It may be, but ye will never know the
erence, till you find me in the Pulpit.

au. I ſay once more good Mr. Parſon, if
will fright you; forbear, you
not theſe Things that can at- } *He looks in*
to a Body's Retirement ſo } *the Glaſs.*
, I mean Youth and Gallantry.

. Nay Madam, I think Soul-concerns——
am not ſo old either, but, Madam, I have
our Body, your Mind I mean—— and it
a Pity, ſuch a fair Piece of the Creation
d periſh, and theſe bright Eyes which ſhine
he Stars in the Sanctuary; put you Confi-
e in me, Madam, truſt in my Conduct, I'll
all your fleſhly Appetites that again the
, I'll carry you to a Bed of Roſes, where
ſhall taſte the Sweets of Love. *O the*
th, Breadth, and Deep of a true active

Lau. Bold Sir, Gad I would not truſt
Spaniel Bitch in your Bed of Roſes among
Perfumes and Things—— Mark *Meſſenger*
ſcent ſtrong of Tobacco, and ſuch I'll
you; No more of your Scent; I'll pardon
is paſt, but in Time coming, if I hear
Word of Beds, bear Breaſts, and Sweet
Love, and ſuch like *Gibriſh*, that becomes
Mouth, as little as that fair Wig becomes
monkie Face, I will reveal all, ſpoil
Trade, and make you appear, inſtead o
mortified Saul, a Preacher of the Goſpel
Chriſt, a moſt profane, pander, hiſsful impu
old Villain. *Exit* La

Sol. I'll get me gone, and I'll tell
Aunt ſhe is a good Proficient in
Leſſon of Grace, if I irritate her, ſhe'll
all, and betray me to the old Matron, ſhe
my Thumb under her Belt for once: I
my whole Hand were really ſo. I think
as old as I am, I ſhould.——

A C

ACT III. SCENE III.

A Church,

Moderator, *Mr.* Salathiel, *Mr.* Turb. *Mr.* Covenant, and his Ruling Elder, *&c.*

Mod. BY his Providence we have got the hardeſt of our Work over, we e even almoſt rooted out he Curates, who were never planted in n Chriſt's Vineyard. Now let's proceed to lanting; for now all Things are as they were t the Beginning.

Sal. Thanks to his predeſtinate Majeſty for't, *Nunc Reges ad exemplos totas componitur Orbes*: But in Truth, *Mod.* I muſt tell you, our College is doing its Duty, to ſend out excellent young Men to the Vineyard, that to the worthy Miniſtry who teaches them to diſpute *Categorematice* and *Symategorematice*, and deſpiſe vain *Philoſophy* and *Mathematicks*, and inſtruct them in many Things, which the Malignants, who want Grace, ſay are contrair to Reaſon. Indeed, *Mod.* They are above Reaſon, and what tho' they be contrair to it? what hath carnal Reaſon or humane Learning to do with *Chriſt's Spouſe*

To

Mod.

Mod. We have heard much good of him Brother

Sal. Truly if all the Profeſſors were like him we ſhould have as happy a College as in *Scotland* this Day; but ye know how ſome of them perjured themſelves to diſappoint our good doings yet for all that, I man ſay, if we were quit of one Man, I think we were ev'n Neighbourlike: *Its the Lord's Doings* that hath purged the Fountains and Seminaries, they were all over-grow with *Cartle's* Mathematicks and humane Reaſoning; yea ſome of them were ſo blaſphemous, as to maintain that that the K. was ſupream and unaccountable.

Mod. That's all very true, Mr. *Sal.* but I think we have taken Courſe with them for that; —— But now for planting.

Turb. Truly, *Mod.* I would have ſome of the excellent Expectants hooked, if we could be ſicker of them.

Cov. The Curates are the Bulls of *Baſhan*; and therefore I'll ſpeak a Word about Dogs and ſo have done, ye know where there are Bulls, there's a Bull-beating, and where there are Bulls-beating, there are Dogs: Now there are two Sorts of Dogs, God's Dogs and the Devil's Dogs; Now if we let in the Curates, the Devil's Maſtives will worry God's own Meſſens, no more about that.

Sol. (From a Corner) I would have able able Dames to dreſs the Spouſe abunduntly, out of

of Season and in Season, to satisfie her Cravings and Longings, for, poor Virgin, she hath been starved these Twenty eight Years. The Malignants are People who have good national Gifts; I think if they had Grace to wait close on their Work, we might admit them to the Bride's Bed.

Mod. I know People who are right good Judges of the Gifts, that say, That the malignant young Men are as well endued with them as any, and they will get Grace assoon as they come to our Side of the House; Therefore Officer call in Mr. *Turncoat.*

Officer, Calls, { *Enter Mr.* Turncoat *bowing and Cringing.*

Mod. Sir what would you say.

Turnc. If it would please your godly Wisdom, I would know what ye would say to me.

Mod. Its Cause of Mourning and Lamentation to you for ever, as long as ye live, that ye dwell so long in the Tents of *Sin*, and have publickly committed Uncleanness with the Whore.

Tunc. My Lord I mean *Mod.* I never in my whole Life sat upon the repenting Stool; and so consequently never committed Adultery.

Mod. Ah Mr. *Turnc.* I see *out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaketh.* I see ye have a heart Kindness and Hankering after Prelacy, when ye speak, Sir, of the Language of the Beast, and doth not understand the Words of the Sanctuary.

Turnc.

Turnc. Its true *Mod.*

Cov. Prov'd, That the Curates lay with the Whore, and begat fourteen black Birds, *Viz.* the Prelates, out of the Text of the Revel. *laid her upon a Bed.*

Cov. Right, Sir, but how came ye to comply with her adulterous Loins.

Turnc. O the Iniquity, Wickedneſs and Tyranny of the former Times, I was ev'n forc'd to communicate with them, as I would have done with a *Turk* or *Jew*, yea a *Papiſt*, but I was ſtill a good ——

Mod. Very good, Sir, even very good Miniſters were forc'd to do the ſame, but their Hearts were right, and that's all God or we ſeeks of them; But what do you ſay about Prelacy?

Turnc. I think it a muſt ſuperſtitious, idolatrous, antichriſtian Order, reprobated by God before the Foundation of the World was laid.

Rul. El. He ſays Epiſcopacie's Foundation of the World; yea he calls it an Order, I think he ought to call it a Confeſſion, or elſe we'll order him.

Sal. That's no great Matter, Sir, whatever it be, a Confeſſion or not, tho' it be no Order —— But to inhing the *Confeſſion of Faith*

Turnc. I think it the beſt Book in the World and that the Penmen thereof were more than ſupernatually inſpired.

Rul.

R. Eld. Sir you call it the *Confession of Faith*, think it ought to be called a *Bible*, for the *Whole Duty of Man* is called a *Book*.

Sal. No Matter whether it be called a *Book*, *Bible* (for the Word [*Bible*] may signifie oth) tho' it be not *a whole Duty of Man*.—— ell, Sir, you'l subscribe it without Qualifi-tions, Restrictions or Reservations; and ssent thereunto *Non solum materia liter, sed rmaliter*.

Turne. Yes, I think, *there* is an Argument ainst the Perfection of the *Scripture*, because contradicts the *Confession* in these Points of *iversal Redemption*, and the Decree of *Repro-tion*.

Sal. A raw gifted Brother this—— he looks t to have the two *Corner stones*, the two Cor-al *Graces*, the Gifts of *Preaching* and *Lec-ring*; with the long Gift of *Prayer*.

Cov. I'll give you two Advices about read-g of Books; First, what Books you shall ad? And 2*dly*, and *lastly*, what Books you all not read? —— 1*mo*, Read *Gray* and *uthrie*, Mr. *Rutherfurd's Letters*, the *Covenant*, *nfession of Faith*, and the *Bible*. 2*do*, Read *Prelatical*, *Papistical*, *Heathnish* Books, *Jewish* thors, and Morality Things. [*Exit*.

Mod. The Bennison of the Covenant light you for now, and ever—— Well Sirs, I nk this will not do the Turn, except we

can fall on ſome Way to cauſe all the Rich *Nobles*, and wiſe *Gentiles*, concur with us in the *Word* of the Lord, if they knew themſelves they would even come and lend God a liſt without bidding.—— Well Sirs, what ſhall be done for that?

Turb. As the Lord lives, I think, we are better quit of them, for, ye know, it is ſaid be the *Apoſtle, not many Learned, not many Noble, not many Rich, not many Wiſe*: And I think That the only mark that our *Kirk* hath of the true Kirk.

Mod. Now let's meet again at ten o'Clock *Brethren*, for I hear report that they're Enemies to the Kirk; ſo we'll do as well as we as we can, and leave the Things we do not undone. [*Scene cloſes.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Herriot's Yards.

Enter *Laura* in a Walk, *Sola.*

Laur. MY Siſter told me, That her Servant ſaid the *Gentleman* uſed to walk here, to ſhun the tedious Impertinencies of *Town-Foxes*; but, it ſeems, he either ſlight

lights the Occaſion of meeting me, or his friend was Dull—— I ſhould love better, faith, a Converſation with this luſty, brisk brave young Fellow, that can ſpeak Senſe, and do his *Courteſies* right, than one of the *Presbyterian* Block-heads, theſe haters of *Reaſon* and Criers down of *Good manners* as much as *Set-forms*; who know no more their Duty to a Lady, than to their Sovereign.

Exit. *By the Walk; A little after enters* Frank.

Fran. Solus. Damn theſe *Fanatick* Dogs—— had it not been their long Prayers, ſhe had been here e're now.—— I am all impatient to ſee her.—— It were more for her Edification and Comfort to hear me aſſure her, in ſhort, that I am *her moſt humble Servant*, than a Fellow, after as many *Wry* Mouths as would fright a *Necromancer*, and as many *Pangs* as his Mother had when ſhe bore him, tell his Maſter, with an *Emphaſis*, that the King of *France* is a *Tyrant*, and ought to be rooted out.—— But here ſhe's—— Gad, I am all Fire.—— She is fair, by Heavens. [*Re-enters* Laura.

Laura. Here is now; for *Gravity*, he'll think on Damnation, as my Aunt tells me, when I incline to laugh. [*Aſide.*

Fran. Dear *Madam*, may I have the honour to accompany you in your Walk?

Laur. If you did, Sir, it might, perhaps prove ſcandalous; and I am rather willing to

hazard my own Reputation, than ruin th
Title you have——.

Fran. No great Scandal, the Place is pub
lick—— I think it ſhould rather ruin my Re
putation if I ſhould walk by a handſome Lad
like a Merchant on the Exchange.—— I a
ſure it would, in ſome Places where I hav
been.

Laur. If it be only a general Piece of Ga
lantry, that, I believe, you are ready to pa
to all the *Street Whores* in he
Town, that's hardly worthy *Is going, he*
my Thanks; ſo I'll rather laugh *detains her,*
at you my ſelf, nor tell it
as Jeſt, and no Body ſees to Cenſure you.

Fran. Gad *Madam*, you eſcape not ſo, ſinc
you had the Patience to hear one Mr. *Sol.* (
believe they call him) *Mangle*, unmercifully
an innocent Parcel of *Scripture* laſt Day,
think you are *None-ſenſe* Proof; ſo ye mu
even bear with me a little: Beſides, it
Charity to comfort me, for I am in Love.

Lau. [*Aſide.*] I find it will out, and I am Con
tent it ſhould—— on Condition you leave m
Sir, ye'll get my beſt help, I'll pray for you.

Fran. I know by my Advocate, I hope,
ſhall ſoon be happy; for the Lady is Young
Rich and Handſome, and may have man
other good Qualities; Beſides, ſhe is you
Acquaintance.

Laur

Laur. Make your Demands reaſonable, and do all I can for you.

Fran. I take you at your Word *Madam*; you the *fair one* your ſelf.

Laur. I am obliged to you, Sir, if all theſe d Things be ſaid of me; For, tho' I ſtill iev'd them of my ſelf, yet ye are the firſt t has told me them.

Fran. Then at leaſt, I have no declared val.

Laur. Nay, for that's the Way to get you ; to tell me of ſo many good Qualities, l make me to become your *Rival* my ſelf. n you ſpeak no good of your ſelf, and I ll if I can Love; I know ye would be at t, Sir.

Fran. I would be there, Madam; but I uld be entirely beholden to your Goodneſs your Love, for I have no Merit; I only Liberty to ſerve you.

Laur. But you'll expect Wages in the End, warrant you.

Fran. Your ſelf, or nothing, I would be tent to have Earneſt in Hand.

(*offers to kiſs her.*

Laur. Sir, you are a ſawcy Gentleman; and ides, we are not yet agreed: I muſt know at you can do, ere I Bargain. Now, do u come every *Sunday* to Church, and be

con-

condemned, without Sleeping or Whistli
to sit gravely, and hear two Hours Sermon
Fran. I could, every *Sunday* in the Week
you.
Laur. And hear Ten or Twelve Dou
Verse of a Psalm to a pitiful Tune?
Fran. I should hear from the first of
Revelation to the last of *Genesis* in crip
Verses, to have the Happiness to hear you s
as one of the *Quiristers*.
Laur. It seems ye are an ill Divine.—
But these are two mortifying Pieces of Servi
Are they not?
Fran. But hold, *Madam*, after all that, w
ye love, marry and live with me, and be
Sons and Daughters?
Laur. If ye would promise to live at *Ho*
read the *Scriptures*, sing *Psalms*, and *Pray*
your Family, I think I might do my Duty.
Fran. Gad, I'll be very good at *Family Ex*
cise, I'll warrant you, *Madam*, 'tis not Ra
ery, i' Faith, I am resolved, I must ha
you.
Laur. Then I must try your Fidelity, go p
me on a *Presbyterian Minister*, and meet at m
Aunt's against Dinner. Your Friend is to
this for my Sister; and ye will accompa
him, if ye love me as much as he doth h
——ye'll venture as far for me; I am gen
rous, and will reward you.
Fra

Fran. *Madam*, That's hard, Gad! 'tis a ſtruous Diſguiſe.

Laur. No more Words, I ſee People com-; remember it is my firſt Command; ſo ewel. [*Exit* Laura.

Fran. Your Servant, *Madam*,——Gad, I'll it moſt religiouſly; I'll endeavour to have ittle *Senſe*, and as much *Hipocriſy* as the of them: But yet, What if I uld be forced to ſay *Prayer* or *ce*? Stay, when I was young, Mother taught me a Word or thus——

} Exit, *muttering his Grace.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A Church.

e Committee, Moderator, Turbulent, Salathiel, Solomon, Covenanter, Clerk, *Lord* Whig-ridden, *Ruling Elders.*

od. BRethren, we are met together here in this Place, by GOD's ſpecial *Providence* about his own Work; we

we hope there's none here, but will go bo
chearfully and willingly on with the wor
Design of *Reformation*. Indeed, our Hands a
much weakned; for the Court ev'n begins
forget the House of GOD, therefore we oug
to go on with more Strength, Courage a
Zeal, in the Work we are going about.—
Clerk, read the *Assembly's Act* about *Plantatio*
for that's the Thing we are to meddle with
this Time.

Clerk reads. " The right Reverend the M
" derator and General Ass—— of the Kirk
" *Scotland*, taking into their serious Consid
" ration that great Growth of Profanity,
" want of the Gospel, and the Abundance
" Hipocrisy through the Preaching of the sam
" have with an unanimous Consent, ordain
" the respective *Synods* and *Presbyteries*
" to make diligent Search after all *Vagabon*
" *Randy-beggars*, and *Sabbath-breakers*, to gi
" up their Names to Kirk sessions.——

Turb. The Clerk knows not what he rea

Mod. Is not this the Act of our Plantation you are reading, *Clerk*, I mean the Act of the Ass——? { Turb. *offe to speak, Cl proceeds.*

Clerk. Yes, If ye would hear it out, would be convinced.

Mod. Say on, Sir, do not disturb the Co mittee, Sir.

Cle

Clerk. "The Aſſ——*appoints* their Names to be declared to the reſpective Kirk-ſeſſions; and in Caſe they be contumacious, *ordains* the *Civil* Magiſtrate to take Notice of them, ay and till they give Obedience to the Kirk. *Ext. per* J. Sp.

Turb. I ſay, *Moderator*, that's not the Act we are ſeeking; not one Word in the Act about *Plantations*.

Clerk. Will you have it read over again?

Mod. There's no Need of that, I think the whole Committee is ſatisfied that this is the Act.——Sir, ye ſhould not ſpeak againſt the whole Committee, ſit down, Sir.

Turb. Moderator, the Plantation Act names *ſub Committee*, who are to call before them the *Prelates* and *Curates* who preach in the Country; and unleſs ye mean them by the *Vagabonds* and *Randy-beggars*, I do not ſee this in the Act.

Mod. What if we do Sir, there's no great Harm. But will ye have a Vote whether it be the Act or not? Speak out Sir.

Cov. I think all this Debate needleſs; let Mr. *Turb.* tell what the Act was, or acquieſce to the Determination of the Committee: I think the Clerk ſhould be believed.

Mod. Mr. *Salath.* was you preſent when the Act was made? Is this the Act the Clerk has

read just now Sir? Say Sir, and redd our Feet of this Difficulty.

Salath. Moderator, as the Truth is in me, I cannot say *positive* this is the Act; but for any Thing I know, this may be the Act; for *defecturis contingentibus non datur determinata veritas*

Mod. What think you then, must we refer it to a Vote?

Clerk. I have found the Act,

Mod. Sir, you are to be blamed for putting the *Committee* to this needless Trouble, Read on now, Sir, and see ye be right and not wrong the second Time, once more.

Clerk reads, " The Moderator and General " Ass——— of the Kirk of *Scotland*, having " consulted the great Damage the Nation and " Kirk of GOD within the same hath received " and does daily. from the several Persons " who call themselves the Ministers of Christ " by venting their *Soul-destroying*, and *Reformation-overturning* Doctrine, the Principles " of *Arianism*, *Pelagianism*, *Historianism*; all " with one harmonious Vote, *forbid* all the " foresaid pretended Ministers to preach in " any Place, either within or without the " Kingdom, ay and till such Time as they " profess their Repentance to the Committee " for receiving Apostates. *Ext. per* me J. S.

Mod. Now ye have heard the Act; say, what will be the best Way of treating these of the

Pre

Prelatick Party, who will join with us in Duty?

Salath. There's three Things in that Business considerable, that would be narrowly considered, 1*st*, With whom we are to treat. 2*dly*, How to treat. And 3*dly*, If we shall treat.

Mod. Sit down Mr. *Salath.* and let us ask my Lord's Opinion. What think you, my Lord, of the Business before our Hand, at present under our Consideration.

Lord *Whig-rid.* Such is the Sense of my own Infirmity, *Moderator*, That indeed more than an ordinary Stock of Confidence without your Desire, to declare my Opinion. I perceive the Thing before the Board, is Communion Terms with the *Prelatick* Party; about which I shall speak but two Words, and have done; I'll begin with the last first. 1*mo*, Then, of the last, I think the Institution of the Sacrament by our Saviour, to be the great Work of Communion in the Catholick Kirk; and that which distinguisheth *Protestants* from *Papists*, and *Presbyterians* from both. 2*do*, I think there are many Ways of *sitting* much more decent and edifying than either that of *kneeling*, which is *idolatrous*, or *standing* which is *superstitious*, and a most prophane Posture in Time of that Ordinance. Lastly, Moderator, the admitting Persons to the *holy Table* is a Matter of so great Importance, and de-

ſerves Conſideration, and ought not to be don
raſhly; which was the great Error of the Pre
latick Party.

Mod. Will your Lordſhip be pleaſed to ex
plain your ſelf; there are ſome here, in th
Place, that have difficulty to underſtan
you.

Sol. (From a Corner) tho' I be not a Mem
ber of this *Committee*, yet I'll give my Opi
nion, as if I were a Member. Have Care o
Chriſt's Kirk,—get able well gifted Men to d
Duty to her.

Mod. Sit down, Sir,——What ſay you, Sir
[*to* Turb

Turb. I adviſe for a more expedite Form o
Depoſitions; That there be a *libella diverſali*
which is as much as to ſay an univerſal Libel
and that two Days of Appearance, on th
Forenoon and Afternoon of the ſame Day b
allowed for the Curates on this and the othe
ſide *Tay*: and that they be cited at the In
ſtance of the *Committee* to compear befor
it.

Cov. To what our Brother hath ſaid, I hav
only two Difficulties, one *Fear*, and a *Propo*
ſal; or rather two *Propoſals*, two *Queries*, on
Difficulty and a *Fear*. My *Propoſals* are, Tha
there be an Act made, *prohibiting* all *anſwerin*
of Libels, either by Word or Writ; and that th
Curates be libelled on Faults *to be done*, as done
My *firſt Queſtion*, Whether we ſhould plan
thei

ir Kirks ere we depose them? or depose
m ere we plant their Kirks? *2d Question*,
nen it is possible to reach the *Curates* that
neither on this Side or the other of *Tay*?
Rul. Eld. Let them come in by a Class of
ir own; which with the other two, let me
two, and we'll make just three exactly.
Cov. My Difficulty is, Whether this Libel
ould be *written* or *printed*, and fear the *Cu-*
es call this *indirect* Dealing, and *judging in*
own Cause.
Turb. What! will not *Christ* judge of his
n Cause at the last Day? Did *Joshuah* when
extirpate Idolaters, cite every Man to per-
nal Appearance, and give him a Copy of
s Libel before Hand? Did *Christ* when he
ipt the Buyers out of the *Temple*, take e-
ry particular Hucster's Wife by the Lug?
row not.
All the Committee cries,—— *Strong-sense*.
Mod. But as to the Difficulty, what say you,
y Lord?
Lo. Whigrid. First, to Conclude, there being
standing Relation betwixt *Flocks* and their
ncient *Pastors*; and *Churches* being compre-
nded in *Synods*; and *Synods* in *Presbyteries*
nd *Provincial Ass———s*; and these in *Ge-*
eral Ass———s, It would breed a Kind of
———, ye understand me: Now this being
ined to the badness of the Weather in the
Winter

Winter Time, and *Plantations* following
positions, either *mediately* before, or *immedi*
ly behind, it would be conſidered that no
can be put to the Work of the Lord.

Mod. Where are your Doubts now? I t
they are go Sir.

Cov. But ſtill as touching the Propoſals
3*dly*, Speak, There ſhould be a Miniſter,
for the *Propoſals*, and another for the *Queſti*
and firſt for the *Fears*. 4*thly*, Speak, But
to private *Baptiſm* and *Communion*.

Mod. To appeaſe this Tumult, let us Pra
O Lord the Confuſion of our Minds ſhews that
Spirits *are in Diſorder*; *and it was thy Wo*
made us Confuſed, ſo we hope thou wilt put
again in Order: *And as we were orderly bef*
our Confuſion began; *ſo we intreat we may be*
when it is at an End. We thank thee for
great Harmony and Order that's among us; *f*
be we orderly or confuſed, we go all one Gate.
Now, for the preſent Time, I think it fit
Diſſolve till the Afternoon, and *Adjourn*
Meeting till two a Clock; and in the me
Time, there ſhould be a *Committee* appointe
for Appeals, Declinations, Depoſitions, Pla
tations, paſtoral Relations, ſpiritual Sic
neſſes, and Acts of Tranſportability. [*Exeu*

AC

ACT IV. SCENE III.

The Parliament.

Enter *Will.* and *Frank* diſcourſing.

nk. DEar *Will.* rid me of this Diſguiſe, if it be poſſible; Gad! I had oſt loſt my new Miſtriſs as be beholden to g Diſſemblies, ſighing without Offence double Necked Clock, the *Covenant*, *Con-on of Faith*, for her.

Vill. It muſt, for the End is pleaſant, tho' Means be rough and odd: But look you

---

ra. Faith, that Fellow looks well.

Vill. Indeed ye have taken the beſt Proſpect im at firſt, he looks as if he had a mind lo ſomething when the Man hath no more neaning than a Cobler.——Gad, he'll bluſ- make a Noiſe, tell it muſt be ſo, and it l be no otherwiſe; and he will.——

ra. And what will he? Matters of Im-tance.

Vill. Why! Nothing at all; after a pauſe two, three or four Frowns, a long laration of his Intereſt in the Peerage and his

his Concern for the good of the Nation; Fra
ſits down, and tells he is ſatisfied, and w Deſcri
ſay no more: In ſhort, no Party could e'er o look
him, no Favour oblige him, nor ſtate of L bout
content him; he is exactly like a Ladies F t his
dog who ſnarls at every Thing, but can bi Will
none except they thurſt their Hand in ſt look
Mouth. ravel

Fr. Or like an old Lecturer, whoſe Tong ut ſuch
is the unrulieſt Thing about him. as Cu

Will. A *State-hector* with the Spirit of an, h
Chicken, who hath been all his Life *Strouting* a alking
Bauling againſt *Courtiers* and *Favourites*; a g:—
yet all and every one of them, from the hig re ſin
eſt to the loweſt, have *trampled* and *piſh'd* at a
him: His whole *Honour* lyes in his *Title* a e goo
Blazon, his *Loyalty* as well as his *Religion*, dge of
compounded of his *Want* of all *Principles*, a *Fr.* I
his Lady's *Whiging*: He talks high of his *Co* ng Sp
try, but never did it any other Service than raiſe o
help to put it in Confuſion, to ſerve his own nd add
ſatiable Avarice, which is the one Thing f Equit
the World he is conſtant too. If *God* and t *Will.*
Devil were perſonally in Competition for t wixt P
Government, 100 Pounds of Odds carries him *Fr.* H
either Side; and I doubt not, if he had be hrive,
an Apoſtle, he had under-ſelled *Judas*. He ad at
no Man's *Friend*, every Man's, and yet elves to
Man's *Foe*: In ſhort, he is a blaring *Nothi* y in his
and below Hiſtory, to let him go there. all La

F

Fra. I perceive thou art pretty free in thy Deſcriptions: Pray thee, what is he tha ſeems o look every Way, and yet no Way? he turns bout ſo ſuddenly as if he thought the Devil t his Heel's.

Will. Conſider him, now, *Frank*, thou may-ſt look as many Ways as he ſeems to do, and ravel as far as he hath done, e'er thou find ut ſuch another.——— Before his Country as Curſt to have him a *Magiſtrate* and a *Stateſ-an*, he paſt for a pleaſant ſort of *Whoring*, *alking*, *Fidling*, *leud Fellow*, and a Hero of fight-g:——But he hath made ſuch a damn'd Fi-ure ſince he was dreſs'd in *Scarlet* and *Ermine*, at a Body would think he had ev'n conjur'd e good old Gentleman of *Hell* himſelf, to dge of our Lives and Fortunes.

Fr. Is not this the mighty *Son* that made a ng Speech againſt his *Predeceſſors*, and in raiſe of himſelf, about Shelves and Spliting nd adding of Dram Weights to the Ballance Equity, and all that?——

Will. Why! But there is a Difference be-wixt Petulancy and Madneſs.

Fr. He'll tell you the *Government* cannot hrive, becauſe its not *Bloody* enough; he is ad at *Witneſſes* that will not Damn them-lves to deſtroy the *Pannel*: And ſitting grave-y in his Robes, he'll tell you (in Mockery all Laws and Government) a good *Sword*

and a ſtout *Heart* is even a Lawyer or Plead-
ers beſt Security.—— Then I think (*Will.*
ye have got our Lives and Properties as wel
ſecured, as if we were in old *Thomas* of *Mam-*
buries ſtate of Nature.—— But hark ye, wh
is it that comes there, with his greaſie cu
fingered Gloves and Staff, a Cravat-ſtrin
which before the happy *Revolution* hath bee
of Scarlet.—— Proteſt to God, my old *Pha-*
natick Inquiſitor! But his Mouth is gone to on
Side, I think, ſince I ſaw him.

Will. A *Saint*, indeed, as free of any world
ly Wiſdom as any ever yet died a *Calender*-
Gad! he hath not as much Wit as to Diſſemble
ask Juſtice of him, he'll tell he is ſworn to th
contrary.—— I pray God ſave you from hi
Pocket; he has as much there, as would kee
the Hangman in Imployment theſe twelv
Months, at the Rate of three *Curats*, and a
many *Jacobites* a Day: You ſee his Mout
followeth his Words in queſt of the Meaning
but 'tis now on its return to its proper Place
diſpairing to find it. That Staff is a great Pil
lar of the true *Kirk*, and his *Arſe* is more abl
to ſupport it, than his Head. He has juſt a
much *Mother wit* as fits him to be a *Provoſt* o
a Town, and Twenty-ſhillings of Common
good; as much *Religion* as is neceſſary in a
Lay elder; as much *Courage* as he may loo
on a *Snails-horns* without fainting; as muc

Learnin

Learning as to make Duty plain; as much *Honesty* as is required in a *Privy Councillor*, and finally beloved, as much *Grace* as is needful in a *Scots reformer*; with no more *Policy* than can be reasonably expected in a *Presbyterian Peer*, and can secure him from the Hazard of *Forfaulture* the next *Revolution*.

Fr. Hold! hold! too much of him; he is below the Dignity of Consideration— Bless me! What for a Skeleton Monster is that comes Crawling out of the Coach there? he looks as if he were in great Perplexity, like some under Clerks second Man bearing such a Burden of Informations.

Will. That's the spawn of a Nobleman; a true *Tipe* of the body Politick. You see how confoundedly the Head sits; and these Excrescences represents the *Kirk*, which Deforms and Burdens the *State*: The Pillars of both, you see, are marvelously weak and crooked. That's the *Covenant* on his Breast; and in one of the Bunches of his Back, there's the *Confession of Faith*: In the other *Calvins* Book *Jure gladii coercendos esse hæreticos*. And if he hath little of human Nature, 'tis impossible to tell if his Mind or Body be most deformed. He Breaths Stink, spits Venome, speaks Vengeance and begets Monsters. In short, there is nothing like him, but the rest of his own Kindred.

Fra. Reft! good God! can there be more than one, of theſe Creatures, in one Nation, at once?

Will. Faith, there's a whole Family of them, *Frank*, and I'll tell thee more, they are Rulers and Governors of this ancient Kingdom.

Fra. Ancient! Damn it for an old ſenſeleſs Monſter of a Kingdom, to be ruled by Monkies and Monſters: Gad! 'tis Burleſque Government, and Affront to human Kind, to all Intents and Purpoſes, to make them Governors.

Will. Thou groweſt Angry, *Frank*, and therefore no more of theſe, Caterpillars—— come along, and take a View of the old wry-necked Fellow with the fraudulent Countenance.

Fr. Another Pillar of the Government, I'll warrant you! I ſhall not ſay if this Government be againſt God; but I'm ſure 'tis againſt Nature.

Will. That's a troubling *Rogue* as ever piſh'd, whoſe *Conſcience* is as much *Wry* as his Head; he hath as much *Senſe* and *Philoſophy* as to make him a *Fool* in Print; as much *Honeſty* as makes him *Whig* and *Rebel*; and as much *Law* and *Juſtice* as from one *Deciſion* to give Occaſion to ſeven new Ones: He hath begot a *Generation* whoſe Legittimacy none Queſtions, they have ſo many Marks of the Father, and are ſo true a *Weſtern* Brood, that if they live,

, they will be old Sir *Haries*. Every one
hem hath his Turn of *Petſhip*; and he is ſo
eful to have *unjuſt Gain* equally deſtribute,
t, at the leaſt, in one Caſe, he is for *ſuum-*
gue; Thou ſees, he is a freſh vigorous old
low; and perhaps, may live to be hang'd

r. But yonder a ſerious Cavil.——
Will. Yes! about the laſt Nights *Intrigue*,
procuring a *Whore*, or ſo.— Theſe are zeal-
Reformers Faith. For baſe, *Romiſh*, *Popiſh*
ds, they are not for them; but for a *figh-*
Sister, a godly, groaning *Presbyterian-whore*,
t's their *good old Cauſe*.—— 'Faith, one of
m is the ſtrangeſt *Mongrel* betwixt a *Brute*
d a *Man*, that can be; he neither ſpeaks
thinks; and were it not for his Tongue,
gg, Hat and black Coat, he might paſs for
York horſe in the *Graſs-market*: They never
t above lying with their *Chamberlains*
ves; or picking up a *Street Whore*, in caſe
Neceſſity.
Will. Gad! That's a pack of *Jacobitiſh-wil-*
mites the ſtrangeſt Monſters in the Kingdom,
th *Jacobite* Hearts and *Williamite* Hands,
cobite Heads and *Williamite* Tongues. They
juſt now rewarding the Favours done them
K. *James*, on his Son and Succeſſor K. *Wil-*
m. Theſe on the other Side are thoſe who
to Reſtore K. *James*—— Gad! they'l
drink

drink his Health, if they ſhould be hang'd
it, in contempt of the Government: Th
never made a farther Plot to Reſtore th
King than writ a miſtical Letter, ſpeak ſo
ambiguous Words without either Senſe
Meaning; are ſnipt up, gives Caution, ta
an Oath, Eſcapes —— and all this ſuffering
their King: Yet they are good enough
bear the Titles of *D —M.—E.—V.* Lords, &

Fra. Can'ſt thou tell me who are theſe w
the Papers in one of their Hands?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, That's a parcel of Peop
who are neither *Williamites* nor *Jacobites*, a
yet would be thought big with both——. Ga
that's the *Claim of Right* in one of their Han
They love mightily to be ſuſpected; a
rather than fail of this, they Plot and Revea
Tell them any Thing, and ye may as w
Placad it on the Croſs: They are a Compa
of diſcontented Blockheads at the beſt; wi
more Models in their Heads than ſome
them have ten Merks.

Fr. Gad! I never ſaw ſuch a Congregati
of Knaves and Fools, all my Life; I am dam
edly wearied of this politick Exchange: A
beſides, I long mightily for *Laura*. I pray th
let's be gone; and as we walk along this M
of Politicians, give me a ſhort hint of t
moſt Politick of them.

Will. T
human
ing N
n to b
re Cou
after
m his
e he
that h
ſtood
e—. T
o raiſ
Maſt
ins by
m ſta
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Drag
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hts Du
Gillic
t all
ey ran
otice,
llains
g the
eſs ou
Fra.
ieſts o

Will. Then, in the first Place, There's a Calf human Shape, a long North-country, fell, ng Nobleman, who hath no more Sense n to be Greedy and Troublesome; and no re Courage than he hath Wit and Discreti- after he was shamefully Chased, weeping m his own Country, he went to *London*; e he came down, he hath got a Declarati- that he hath not the Pox; but 'tis thought stood more in need of his Ability to get —. There's a pack of disbanded Colonels, o raised new Regiments to thrust out their Master; and are now mocked for their ns by their new one——. There's one of m stampt in the Devils Coin, and none of m ever saw or look't their Enemies in the e: There's a young, empty shittering rk of Eighteen, created a Hero, and was sent Dragoon an University and a Town to *bigry* and *Rebellion*——. Here's a Colonel hts Duells in Buff; he brought the first News *Gillicranky* (tho' not near the Place) and t all the rest were dead on the Spot, tho' y ran as Cowardly as he did——. But take tice, here's a brace of Reverend starched llains; two new Doctors of *Aberdeen* refut- g the old Ones, and contriving a new Ad- es out of *Sherlock's* Case of Alledgeance.

Fra. Damn them and *Sherlock* too——, iests of all Religions are the same; their God

God is their Belly, and they are Villains fr
Generation to Generation: But 'Faith
Dinner time, let's go—— Gad! this Pl
ſmells of Treaſon and Infidelity; I ſhall ſp
to the *Curate* that lives next Door to the Lad
Will. And I am ſure the Cloaths are rea
[*Exeunt.* Scene cloſ

ACT V. SCENE. I

The Croſs.

People walking, Novel *and* Viſioner *me*

Viſ. GOod Morrow Mr. *Novel*; I warra
you have not heard, or I wa
rand you do not believe the News of the la
Battle at *Flanders*, where the *French* King
routed to all Intents and Purpoſes, and t
Dolphin taken.

Nov. O God! Unſupportable Impude
cujus contrarium eſt verum.

Viſ. 'Tis true, upon my honeſty that t
Dolphin is to be ſent over to his godly Wiſdo
Mr. *Salath.* to be bred *Proteſtant*: He's the fi
eſt Maſter for a young Prince; it had be
much for the Proteſtant Intereſt, if he h
bred the preſent Tyrant of *France.*

N

Nov. I think one ſhould not have had ſo formidable an Army of him; and I think the *Dolphin* happy in this, that he has learned his *Latin* e're he came, for I am perſwaded he ſhould have been in an ill Caſe for it, under the Tutory of Mr. *Salath.* who is as proteſt an Enemy to poor *Priſcian* (God have Mercy on him) as he is to K. *James*; and hath no true *Latin* to himſelf.

Viſ. No *Latin*! Why, That's a miſtake; did ye not hear him repeat an Oration half an Hour long, all *Greek* and *Latin*, the other Day?

Nov. All the *Latin* and Senſe both in it might have been ſaid in much ſhorter Space.—There was never a Sentence of *Roman Latin* in it.

Viſ. Roman Latin quoth—— I knew where I ſhould find you, a rare Thing! a *Presbyterian* Proteſtant Man ſpeak filthy *Roman Latin*, *Popiſh Latin*, the Language of the Whore: I have that Charity for Mr. *Salath.* that ye may as ſoon induce him to hear *Maſs*, as to hear *Roman Popiſh Latin.*

Nov. I ſay that's barbarous Ignorance! Gad! thou underſtands not: I mean ſuch *Latin* as the ancient *Romans* ſpake.

Viſ. Still worſe, That's *Pagan Latin*; that's my Poſition, That a *Presbyterian* ought to ſpeak *Presbyterian Latin*: And there ſhould

be an Act of the *Aſſ*—— againſt the *Roma*
Latin, I hope in God to hear none of it ſpok
except K. *James* come home again; whic
God, for his own Glory will not permit.

Nov. Who can endure this? What thin
you, then, of this *Latin*, *ſi aliquis virus colet*
falſum Deos, *ſeu verum Dei ut non preſcriptu*
iſte virus eſt gu lteus Idolatriæ.

Vif. Well! That may be good enough *Pr*
byterian Latin.

Nov. God Damn ye, *ſi aliquis virus*, ſpe
ſuch *Latin*, I ſay, *iſte virus* ſhould be hang'd—
But what think you of *Biblia poteſt apprehen*
cum mediis extraordinaribus & ſuper natu
alibus.

Vif. Why that's eaſily underſtood; *Bibli*
the Bible, *poteſt apprehendi*, can be apprehe
ded, *cum mediis extraordinaribus*, with extr
ordinary and ſupernatural Means: It was a
good *Latin* that had *bus* and *oribus*. Now
muſt tell you plainly, he is a diſcreet, lear
ed worthy Gentleman, and hath as muc
Wit as——

Nov. I muſt tell you he hath much origin
actual and habitual Folly, he looks as if
had not overcome the fright of the late Per
cution, or as he had been dried ſeven Years
the Devils Kitchine-fire: He ſpeaks like
Nurſe counterfiting a Bogle to affright a re
leſs Child, he walks like a Night Ghoſt, as

he feared, at every Step, the Judgment of his Forefathers, *Corah*, *Dathan* and *Abiram*; and in fine, he thinks none at all.

Vif. All damn'd Lies and Calumnies.

Nov. All true Stories 'Faith—— he'll make a Speech about *Media vox*, *Syncategorimatical* Arguing, and such bombast Words, that he as little understands as ye do the *Confession of Faith*; This he thinks a sufficient Plea for the Repetition of a learned Author: He'll not only plague People to hear his *Nonsense*, but hath spoiled much good Paper in his Time, that might have been imployed in Wiping—(ye know what) to much better Purpose; and all this out of no other Design but to Writ: But what he neither knows nor cares, so it be against some Book of Sense and Credit, and some Author of Renown.

Vif. These are all false Reports, and Slanders of the Malignants; for, he is a grave, wise and prudent Man: To justifie what I say, consider the Government of the College.

Nov. Which is no Government at all: Gad! I'll swear 'tis no Arbitrary one, there is nothing done there without the Consent of the People.

Vif. People say you—— they are nothing but a pack of misguided rambling Youths, misled by Malignant Masters; and I fear they have got a wrong Wrap already: And if it had

had not been for the Wisdom of Mr. *Salath.* I think some of the Scholars might have been changed, as well as some of the Masters are.

Nov. They are fine young Gentlemen, the Flower of the Nobility and Gentry; the Hope of the Sinking-state, they have more Sense and Discretion than a whole Convention: I hope in God, to see them have as much Power in the State and Kirk as they have now in the College. Then you Dog——.

Vis. Then I, and all my Perswasion will be forced to leave the Kingdom; for, I am sure, they have several Times hissed and huffed us out of the College like so many *Jesuits.* I always found the old Mastere could have hindred the Affronts by their Authority, but now I must confess we are in a worse Condition than ever, for I see the new Ones cannot do it.

Nov. Neither can they, and 'tis no wonder: what young Man of Sense would obey Masters that want Ability to Teach, Wit to govern, and Honesty to be Examples, and Paterns? There are few Lads in the College who have not more *Latin* than their Primar, and more Mathematicks and Philosophy than their Regents; who know nothing but Metaphysical Jarrings.

Vis. There was truly never so many Tumults and Uproars as this Year; such as Bonfires, breaking of Windows, *&c.*

Nov.

Nov. And good Reaſon for it; they ſcurvi- thruſt out the old Maſters who had Senſe to rrule the Students with Prudence and Diſ- tion. The Government might as well ſent *Mountebank* to the College, as that old Fop . *Salath.* to play the Fool to the Boyes. But ith, I think I have lighted on it; would ye ow the Reaſon why the Government hath de Mr. *Salath.* Primar?

Viſ. What! I think I know it as well as any nged *Torie.*

Nov. Damn you for a rotten *Whig*, I'll tell , the true Reaſon of it was to be even with ll s for abuſing them: They have ſet up *Antibowll's*, that *ſtrenuor oppoſita*; and th, for every Boy of poor *Bowll's*, Mr. ath. (that's *Bowll's Enervatus*) will have enty.

Viſ. That's but the Effects of the Inſolence he Students, which muſt be tamed.

Nov. Inſolence 'tis not, for they uſe it fre- ntly; 'tis as familiar with them now to y the Fool with their Primar, as it was be- e, with their Porters: They Perſecute him ſt unmercifully; and haunts him and his ines from Chamber to Chamber, like the lving of a Phanatick Conventicle, or a ier hunting the *Foxes* Puppies.

Viſ. 'Tis better to go to a private Cham- , than be abuſed by a number of inſolent, ravagant, Mathematical *Atheiſts.*

Nov.

Nov. Juſt contrary, for all are *Atheiſts* e
cept *Mathematicians.*

Viſ. O intollerable Impudence! ſhew' m
a *Mathematician* among 100, that cares t
the *Confeſſion of Faith.*——I am told that
Firſt Prob. in *Euclid* does prove, That t
World is eternal; and the *Second*, That the
is not a God: Beſides, one muſt have a con
pact with the *Devil* ere he can underſtan
them; for I try'd it, and upon my Honeſt
I could not learn to ſpeak a Word of them
ſo truly, I believe it was true.

Nov. Gad! that's the Height of *Ignoranc*
and deſerves not an Anſwer.——But as touch
ing the worthy *Primar*, his Folly is like t
old Man's ſore Horſe's Back; cure it in o
Place, and it will break out in another. H
is now upon a Project of making a *Germa*
Randy Beggar, extraordinary Profeſſor
Logick.

Viſ. I muſt confeſs I was againſt that; m
Reaſon is, we muſt be rid of *Mathematick*
Now I could not willingly converſe with
Man that can raiſe the *Devil*; ſo, I'm cle
the preſent Profeſſor of *Mathematicks* be e
traordinary Profeſſor of *Theology.*

[*Exeunt diſcourſi*

AC

ACT V. SCENE II.

The old Lady's Lodging.

ank and *Will.* dreſt like *Fanatick* Miniſters in the Hall.

ill. 'TIS a ſtrange *Metamorphoſis* indeed! I'm ſure 'tis next to that of *Jupi-* turning himſelf into a *Town Bull*: But t's all a Matter; the *Ladies* aſſure us, 'tis only Way to do Buſineſs.

Fra. Ay - and a ſucceſsful, I'll warrant; d! it will be as powerful as when *Jupiter* rned into a Golden Shower; the ſweet god- Ladies can no more reſiſt the Charms of a *ack Velvet* Neck, and that ſneaking Mein, ore than the other Maids taking a Guinea.

Will. I think I begin to turn *Fanatick* all er, I could rail moſt deviliſhly at *Antichriſt*, e Whore of *Babylon*, the Government and elacy, ſolve Caſes of Conſcience, devour geon Pyes, and glut down whole Bowls of ck.

Fran. For my own Part, I am much afraid e misbehave, we might have had ſome Time have acted our Part, ere we ventur'd on e Theatre.

Will.

Will. Then I give thee my ſincere Adv
1mo, Thou muſt forbear that Sparkiſh M
2do, Beloved, thou muſt baniſh far from t
all *French* Phraſes and Faſhions, *3tio*, T
muſt mortify all thy *corrupt* Inclinations
ſpeak Senſe. *4to*, Thy *Tone* muſt be gr
and affected, every Sylable pronoun
to the length of a *Brief* or *Semibrief* at le
thou muſt weary the Company e're t
can catch thee at the end of a Period; and t
be ſure they find no Senſe at all. *5to*, Lie In
ſantly, but ſwear none. *6to*, And *laſtly*
loved, eat *Capon and Chicken* Pies as thou ha
come from the Seige of *Jeruſalem*.

Fra. I'll obſerve your Inſtruc- Rachel
ions as far as I can, but I am *in a*
mightily diſtruſtful of my ſelf. *Cries.*

Rach. The godly Miniſters Mother Mr.
and Mr. *Sam.* that your *Neces* invited
to Dinner, are come; they are *Lady runs*
the godlieſt Men Mother. *hugs the*

Will. Grace, Mercy and Peace be multip
on this Family.

Old La. Welcome to me, and all your M
ters Men.

Fra. We beg you Pardon, we own
Maſter.

Old La. I know, but he who is the Ma
of Maſters——. How could ye be ſo long
Town and never ask for me? Tho' I ſay

have fed many of the *Prophets* of God in the
ays of Tribulation. Look you, in this Preſs
ree or four, in this Cloſet honeſt Mr. *Cov.*
lr. *Sol.* &c. [*Weeps.*

Fra. Madam, but your two *Neces* how do
ey?

Will. [*Aſide.*] Pray thee hold thy Peace,
ou will certainly ſpoil all.

Old L. You ſhall ſee them anone——. But
ok here, ſuch a Collection of *Books* I was buy-
g; There *Dickſon*'s Sermons, II. Points to
id up a *Believers Breeches*, there is *Beſſy* of
nrick, there's *Samuel Rutherford*'s Letters,
ere is *good News* from *Heaven*, and there's
tans Inviſible World, Mas. *John.*

Fra. Indeed I think it be the beſt Sermon
er I heard.

Old L. Sermon, ſay *On.*

Will. Every thing may be called a *Sermon*,
adam, in ſo far as you can get Uſes of In-
uction and Conſolation out of it.

Old L. There, you ſay right—— *bring a*
wl of Sack—— O 'tis a ſad World Mr. *Sam.*

Will. An abominable, accurſed, unjuſt, ma-
cious, ill-natured World.

Old L. A prying, Cenſorious, a Soul ſe-
cing, Goſpel renouncing World.

Will. A Malignant, backſliding, Covenant
eaking, Miniſter mocking World.

Old L. A filthy, Idolatrous, Sabbath-break-

ing, Parent dishonouring World; murdering whoring, lying, coveting World— in a Wor it is an uncharitable worldly World.

Enter Maid. There's a poor Man, lost h Means by the West Country Rable.

Old L. Come you to tell me that, you baggage beat him down Stairs——, O Mr. *Sam*, a troublesome beggarly World, a vain, gaud Prayer slighting and Reformation overturnin World.

Will. [*Aside*] Now I can say no more; s has run me out of Breath, the is longer practised in the Trade than I.

Old L. But how comes your Friend sa nothing?

Fra. Then, *Madam*, 'tis an abominab whoring, drinking, Reformation overturnin World.

Old L. That's said already.

Will. Madam, ye must excuse him; he uses to be deep in his Meditations.

Enter the t Necrs sm ing.

Will. So! is this the Way ye use Christ Ambassadors, to mock us? I expected none this within these Walls.

Old L. Settle me a *serene* Countenance, impertinent Jades; ye'le laugh in *Hell* yet.

Viol. Indeed no, *Madam*, we'le Weep ther

Old L. I recomend you both to the Care these two Gentlemen; they'le *infuse* in yo good and wholsome Principles.

Fra

Fra. We'll do our Endeavour to Infuſe the beſt we can. *Offers to lead off Laura.*

Old L. Nay, ſince we are here, we'll call the Servants together; you muſt ſpeak a Word; our Ordinary is in the *Revelation*, about the Beaſt with the ſeven *Heads* and ten *Horns*—— bring the great *Bible* and *Pſalm* Book.

Fra. (*Aſide*) Lord how I Sweat and Tremble, This is the worſt of all—— God Damn him that brought me in this *Premunire*—— would I were fairly looſe of this good Character, I make a Vow never to try the Experiment again——.

Indeed *Madam*, my Brother Mr. *Sam.* is better *gifted* that Way.

Will. Not I, *Madam*, beſides, he is eldeſt Miniſter, and ought to have Place.

Old. L. That's nothing, I oft have ſeen the *Young* better than the *Old*, at Family Exerciſe—— indeed for a Caſe of Conſcience the *Old* ought to be Conſulted.

Will. But, *Madam*, if it be about *Horns*, there is further Reaſon for my Brother, Mr. *John* underſtands the Buſineſs of *Horns* better than any Man this Day in the Kirk of *Scotland*: indeed he has a Piece in the Preſs about *Horns*.

Fra. God Damn thee! when? *Old Lo. Stares.*

Will. He is telling the Oath he heard a *Curate* ſwear as I was coming up here—— I believe he was drunk too; *God Damn him*,

(bleſt be his holy Name) was at ever third Word.

O L. Indeed the *Curates* are a profan Generation—— but I pray you go on, Sir— we ſhall keep back Dinner about an Hou or ſo.

Fra. (*Aſide*) O Lord! O Lord! What ſha I do now? I am reſolved I'll run for it, an leave that Raskal in the Lurch—— There the Diſadvantage of the want of *Divinity*—— Now if I had learned *who made Man*, it migh have helped me a dead Lift now.

Old L. Perhaps you do not uſe to Exerci ſtanding——, ſit down, Sir.

Viol. The Gentleman looks as if he were little Indiſpoſed, *Madam*, forbear, at this Time

Old L. Peace Baggage! I know thou ha an Averſion to every Thing that's ſerious—— *brings a Bowl of Sack*——. *She throws up t Bible*—— *Fra. looks*——.

Fra. Ten Horns ſay you! That *Bible* is quit wrong; the *old Tranſlation* hath more than twenty *Heads* and forty *Horns*, I know not how many *Crowns*; and all that—, well Sir, if I be not revenged on you for this——.

Throws the Bi from him, wa his Fiſt at Will.

Will. [*Aſide*] Now I pity him, he is en gaged too far; to deſert him in his Extrem ty——. I'll try my Invention—. Pox on't, thin

ink 'tis not true that a Woman can frame Excuſe e're ſhe put her Hand to her reaſt——. I'll ſay, the Dinner will be ſpoil-——, That will not do— ſhe'd faſt rather an want Lecture— I'll counterfite my ſelf ck—: But then, he muſt pray— that's worſe ll—, ſtay— I have it—.

Madam, I think the Lecture ſhould be about *Peter*'s Keys, for this is his Day— ſhew e the *Bible*.

Old L. There are too many Saints Days ere—. [*She Faints.*

Vio. I would S. *Peter* were here to rouſe er from Death till I bring the Bottle of *Cinamon Waters* in the further end of the Preſs.

Old L. Stand off—, a little Air—, ſee that here be no Lectures here toDay. [*Old L. recovers.*

Fra. Indeed, *Madam*, I was near the Point Fainting too; and now, when I right Remember, 'tis not only St. *Peter*'s Day, but St. *Matthew*'s, St. Paul's and St, *John*'s too: I would be ſooner burnt at a Stake, than Lecture in a private Family on ſuch a Day.

[*Enter Mr.* Solom.

Sol. I'm ev'n come to enquire, *Madam*, if he oft ſpoke of Match betwixt your Neces, nd the Lord holds, *Madam*?

Fra. [*Aſide. to Will.*] Still worſe; we have ivals, and a Lord too.

Old

Old L. It will fail on their Side if it not, for I am ſure the *Banns* are proclaim long ſince.

Sol. Indeed, *Madam*, I am to tell you, my Maſters Name he is well pleaſed to ma you; he has filled up the blank in t Contract, with his own Hand; but he has put to his Ring, till he hear her ſay *A* to an Imagination.

Fra. All Miſtery—, and will one Man ma them both? he'll have enough to do—

[*To* Will *aſi*

Will. Dully inſenſible! Thou do'ſt not u derſtand; can'ſt thou not learn to Diſtingui betwixt the PeoplesMeaning and their Word the Senſe is *Scriptural*, tho' the Words Carnal.

Fra. Pox take them, muſt a Man Trav to the third *Heavens* ſtill, to Catch their *Mea ing*? Afterwards I'll be ſo wiſe as to hold m Peace, at leaſt. [*Enter Mr.* Cove

Cov. I'm ev'n come to take Part of yo Dinner, *Madam*, and to ask if the Ship b come yet?

Fra. [*Aſide*] Who the Devil, can gueſs my Life? That's about *Noah*'s Ark, or S *Paul*'s Ship.

Cov. If ſhe be not come, ye may ſhortly expect her for ſhe ſet Sail from *Heaven*, loaden with *Golden Conforts* for your ſelf and Family.

Mr. Sol. *and Mr.* Cov. *look in Fr and* Will. *O. L. a Cloſet.*

Wil

Will. [*To Laura*] Now, my *Dear*, I hope ye
satisfied as to my Obedience—. Gad! I
rather Courted you in a civil Way these
elve Months; but come, let us make an
d of this Business.

Lau. Pray you, Sir, speak a Word about
ns—. Sir, in Faith, ye're a brave Divine.

Will. No Time to be fool'd—, Resolve and
with us; there's a *Curate* dwells in the next
or, and Gad! our Clocks will Conduct you
wn Stairs undiscover'd.

Vio. *Laura*, 'tis ev'n best to be Resolute—.
hat, Sister, may we trust our selves to these
rks?

Fra. Gad! we'll deal most discreetly and
estly with you; *First*, let's
to the *Curates* House, and
er he has mumbled over his
trimony, ye have no more
say, I hope.

Exeunt Will. & Fra. *leading* Lau. & Vio. *under their Cl.* *Enter* Old La. Sol. & Cov.

Cov. We never Madam—; yet, perhaps,
y are come over to Work in God's *Vineyard*;
the Work is great and the Labourers are few.

Old. L. Where are they gone? *Laura* and
leta, Mr. *John*, Mr. *Sam* all gone.

Maid. Whom would your Ladyship have?

Old L. My *Neces*, saw you them?

Maid. Yes, they went put under the Mini-
rs Clocks: I believe they went to the *Curates*
wn Stairs.

Exit Maid.

Old L.

Old L. Go see where they are; I do not lo this—: But Mr. *Sol.* what was it ye was tell me of Mr. *James*?

Sol. Madam, I think it fit he marry M *Rachel*; for I fear there has been foul Play But Marriage will salve all again.

Old L. What! my Daughter marry a D *mine*! No, she shall not.

Sol. Then, to be plain, *Madam*, she is wit Child to him; and it must be so.

Old L. O! What do I hear? my Daughte debauch'd, and Family abus'd. [*Weep*

Sol. Let them be made one by Marriage there's no great hurt; he's a well gifted Ma

Old L. Oh! but the Shame—. [*wrings her Hand*

Sol. No Shame, *Madam*, I'll say, I marry' them eight Months ago; and there needs n more.

Cov. Good enough, Marriage is but a Cere mony aswell as Baptism: I have known many good Couple do Duty *as Man and Wife*, that we never married, even Ministers of God's Wor that were never Baptized all their Life: Tha I have.

Sol. Well, Call them in—— Brother M *James*. [*Enter* Word

Rach. Mother, ye forgive me. Do ye not

Old L. Since two godly Men will have so, I am Content.

Wordy. Well, Madam; then no mo Words; then I am your *Good son*——

Now

Now, I hope your Daughter ſhall have as godly a Life as ſhe could wiſh.

Old. L. I'm ſure, ſhe hath been well Educate; many a good *Prayer* I have caus'd her ſay; many a *Chapter* I have caus'd her read; many a good *Sermon* and *Lecture* ſhe hath heard: I hope they are not loſt upon her; no indeed they.

Sol. Indeed no, *Madam*; I thought her ſtill well inclined: She is an exact Obſerver of Lectures; I never miſs her from any. *Enter* Will. & Fra. *leading* Violeta *&* Laura *undiſguiſed.*

Old. L. Where have you been *Neces*? and where are the *Miniſters*?

Vio. Here they are, *Madam*, they have cheated us, and caus'd us marry them.

Old L. Are ye married without my Conſent? Am I cheated with a godly Diſguiſe? O horrid!

Will. Yes, *Madam*, we have done them the Favour to rid them of the Trouble of theſe impertinent *Blockheads*, be not offended. *Sol.* and Cov. ſneak.

Fra. The Ladies think our *Family Exerciſe* a little more pleaſant than *Cant*. They were Perſecuted by you *Madam*.

Old. L. O! abuſing the *Ambaſſadors of Chriſt*! The *Freshyterian* Religion, in my Houſe! Go get you gone, *Jades*, with theſe debauch'd *Raskalls*: Let me ſee you no more. [*Exit.*

Laur. That's no great Matter, *Aunt*; but I am ſure poor *Rachel*, ſhe'l languiſh under the unſupportable Burden of a *Maiden-head*, if no Body pity her.

Rach. Spare your ſorrow, *Couſin*, I think I have wared mine as well upon my Husband here, as ye are like to do yours. Pointing to [*Wordy*

Laur. A worthy Man Indeed! And are ye married to him?

Rach. Yes, half a Year ago.

Word. Indeed I betrothed her with her Mother's Conſent.

Laur. I believe ye have been in the Bed together, half a Year ago; for I was going to tell you, your *Maidenhead* was Irkſome.

Will. Gad! the *Presbyterian* Lady's ſweet young Daughter is as ſure of the Chaplain, as the waiting Woman is of my Lord's Gentleman——. But I wiſh you Joy.

Old L. I think they have not wanted that——. But where are all your long *Speeches* againſt ſeeking Men, and ſpeaking to them? There has been more than *ſpeaking* to them, and *kiſſing* here 'faith.

Vio. But enough of this; lets next, mind the Work of the Day, and the Work of the Night too. *Exeunt* Omnes.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE. III.

A Church.

The Committee, *Mr.* Salath, *Mr.* Coven. *Mr.* Turb. *Mr.* Sol. Rul. Eld.

Mod. BRethren, we are again re-assembled about his own Work: I hope you shall not weary; it is all our Interests to make a clean House of the *Curates*, and ye'll be on the Wings of the Praise of the Flower of the godly in this Kingdom.

Turb I think we should consider how to fill their Places, and not lay so many Congregations Waste; since we have not Men to plant the eighth Part of them.

Mod. Hold your Tongue, Sir; let's do our Duty, and God will ev'n provide.

Rul. E. A West Country Believer, *Moderator* can preach better than any *Curate* of the North; and they'l soon learn to Baptize, Marry and give the Communion.

Cov. I think we should take a Word of that common Whore the Church of *England*; for we have dreft our own gayly already.

Salath. In Truth *Moderator* in the Days of old, the first Thing that the *General Ass*——

did, was to purge the Army of Malignants: Now, I think we have as good Reason to purge K. *William*'s Army of *Prelatists*, *Papists* and *Atheists*; for it is fighting for a good Cause. *Nam ubi finis est bonissimus, ibi medea debent esse proportionabilia.*

Mod. Outs Mr. *Salath.* with your *Greek*; we know you are the Primar of a College: I'll tell ye, we must not put our Hands further than our Sleeves will reach: I fancy 'tis best to meddle with them who have not Power to oppose; I mean the *Curates*, who are both forsaken by God and Man.

Cov. Outward Persecution is no mark of God's forsaking us; for we were Persecuted twenty eight Years.

Mod. God only chastised his own People, but he destroys the Malignants: For, we did thrive under Persecution, but the *Curates* are starving, which proves them to be wicked. I think we should call in Mr. *Orthodox*, that *Curate* who stays on the East-side of *Tay*, and pesters that Country with Errors.

Cov. They say the Gentleman is discreet enough; and good enough at his own Trade.

Mod. We have the greater Reason to be afraid of him: But I assure you he is a Malignant of a deep Dye: For he teaches *Prelacy* or *Episcopacy*, *Arminianism* or *Arianism*; for they are all one; and more, he is much for dry Morality.

All

All. The Committee cry out monſtrous! amnable Opinions! huge Errors! Soul-killing octrines! Out, away with the *Curate*; cut own the charming Gourd.

Mod. We'll call him in—— [*Officer calls.* his is the Court Sir, fenced in Chriſt's own ame; for there's no Appeal to be made, *Enter Orthodox*] you are accuſed for Faults one and to be done: We Deſign to be mo- erate; only take your Kirk, and that's all.

Orth. Mr. *Moderator*, not to medle with the uthority of your Court; 'tis *Blaſphemy* to ccuſe of Faults to be done, ſince God only nows them: And 'tis ridiculous to pretend oderation by only taking my Living, which the only Injury ye can do me.

Mod. Sir, ye have learned much carnal it, but ye have not learned Chriſt——. *lerk*, read the univerſal Libel.

Orth. I deſire to know the Informers, that cording to the Law of *Nature* and *Nations*, if eſe Things be not made out—.

Mod. Sir, they are honeſt Men; and ſo, ye e no more concerned.

Orth. I am concerned, they be not inhabile itneſſes.

Mod. We are not to anſwer your Queſtions. *lerk*, do your Duty.

Clerk, Reads, "Whereas, 1*ſt*, That—late incumbent at— was born and bred under

"the

" the helliſh Order of *Epiſcopacy*. 2
" He received Ordination from *Prelates*
" *Presbyteries*; for they are as guilty
" add to the Scriptures, as they who dimin
" from it. 3*dly*, He concludes his ſta
" Prayers with the Lord's Prayer; whi
" when our Saviour made, he was *Drunk*
" ever he was ſo. 4*thly*, Grace doth not
" company his Preaching. 5*thly*, He re
" and recommends erroneous Books as
" *whole Duty of Man*, &c. 6*thly*, He is ſupine
" Negligent, for he miſ-ſpends four Days
" the Week in Catechiſing, that ſhould mo
" profitably be taken up in Lecturing. 7*th*
" He Adminiſtrates Baptiſm and the Co
" munion privately; which is Charming a
" Forgery. 8*thly*, Since the bleſt *Revolutio*
" he hath keeped no Faſts ordained on t
" *Sundays* for ſeeking God's Concurrence
" aboliſhing *Prelacy* and deſtroying the K.
" *France*. 9*thly*, He would comply with a
" ſwear Alledgeance to that Tyrant the Ja
" K. *James* (who is both forſaken of Go
" and Man) if he were Reſtored again. 10*th*
" And *Laſtly*, which is worſt of all, he wou
" join cordially with the Anti-chriſtian Orde
" of *Prelacy*, if it ſhould be brought back agai
" (which God, out of his Juſtice will prevent
" M. R. being guilty of all theſe, proves thi
" evident Breach of the Ten Commandment

" There

Therefore he ought to be depoſed, depriyed, degraded and deſtroyed.

Mod. Sir, ye have heard poſitively what ye have done, and Negatively what ye have not done: Theſe are Sins of Scarlet Dy, proven by honeſt Men who fear God.

Orth. Sir, I would have heard the Depoſitions of the Witneſſes; for, I am ſure, I can prove them all infamous and guilty of Malice: This is according to Acts of Parliament.

Tur. What ſay you to this, Sir? we are not to be guided but by the Spirit of God.

The whole *Committee* cry out, *Away with this Curate, he has had too long of this good Place.*

One knocks rudely at the Door— Officer opens, [*Enter* Captain.

Mod. That looks like a Malignants knap— Officer, ſee who diſturbs us.

Capt. Gentlemen I have brought you the King's Letter, which muſt be inſtantly read and obeyed.

Mod. We are about his own Work, Sir.

Capt. Sir, ye are about your own Buſineſs and Affairs, nothing minding the King's Intereſt.

Mod Sir, you miſtake me, I ſay, we are about Jeſus Chriſt' own Work in purging the *Curates*; and when we have done God's, we'll, in the next Place, to his Majeſty's gracious Work.

All cry out, *It is better to obey God than Man.*

Capt.

Capt. Ye must obey us for once, we ha
God's Authority; since we have Power on o
Side, make haste— disloyal Subjects, will
dispute the King's Commands? *Clerk*, re
the King's Letter.

Clerk. Reads, "Gentlemen ye know wh
"Favours I have shewed to you, and hav
"supported you, because I thought ye ha
"the People on your Side; but I am told y
"have lost them by driving too fur
"ously: All the World reputes you as En
"mies to Monarchy; who are mad in Adve
"sity; and in Prosperity insupportably I
"solent. I have oft warned you to keep yo
"Ecclesiastical Dominions within Bounds; s
"I was not born in a Country of *jus Divin*
"But still you go on, and the Church of *En*
"*land*, who hath a greater Number of Peop
"on her Side, hates you: So we find it for t
"Necessity of our Government, that ye mu
"not Exercise your Villany any longer, u
"der our Name. And therefore Comman
"you to dissolve immediately; for we a
"your Master, and will be obeyed.

Mod. What think you of this Letter?

Salath. We sit by a Commission under th
Bread Seal of Heaven; the K——s Right
only Cumulative and Objective privatively
I think we should sit and do our Duty.

All cry, *Let us not be afraid what M*
can do unto us.

Cap

Capt. Do not trouble me with your ridiculous Cant and Gibberiſh; or I ſhall do my duty, that is, to make my Souldiers drag you out hence.

Mod. Sir, we will not Diſpleaſe you——. *Lord ſend the K——, good and godly Counſellors who are for thee and thy Intereſt: He's but a young K——. yet, he has meikle need of Wiſemen about him——.* Give us only Leave to ſpeak a Word, and to ſing a double Verſe to God.

Capt. Ha'e done; ye muſt not ſing down a *Summers Sun*, nor ſpeak a Word a *Day long*; elſe I'll interrupt you: Therefore make Haſte. [*Exit.* Captain.

Mod. Brethren, we have brought our *Hogs* to a good Market; we have joined with, and ſupported that perfidious Uſurper who has depoſed his honeſt old Father, and put to flight his tender Brother, and ſet them both a begging for his Ambition: He promiſed to protect and defend us againſt all deadly; but ye ſee how we are guided: *We ſhould never do ill, that good may come of it.*

Salath. I'll have a *conſcientia hollandica*, who can ſet up in *Holland* Atheiſm or all Religions; in *England* Prelacy, in *Scotland* Preſbytry, and in *Ireland* Popery; and join them all in Duty. *Si aliquis virus eſt guiltæus idolatriæ bona certe iſte virus eſt,*

Turb. He pretends to defend the Proteſtant Religion; but he joins with the Enemies of it as the *Pope, Emperor* and the K. of *Spain*: And if the Houſe be built, I'm ſure there's many foul Fingers about it.

Cov. That Tyrant ſays likewiſe, he hath ſecured *Liberty and Property*: I trow they are ſo ſecured, that one cannot call his Fortune or Head his own: For here's a Man who is true both to God and King in his own Faſhion, he is clapt up in Priſon; and here's a Man Treacherous to both, he goes up and down the Streets; that's brave Work indeed!

Salath. To be plain K. *W——m* is worſe than *Jeroboam* or *Ahab* who made *Iſrael* to Sin; and his Q. is like that painted Whore *Jezebel*; the Dogs ſhall lick both their Bloods yet: They ſhall be ſent with *Nebuchadnazzer* to eat Graſs with the Beaſts; for they are more unnatural than the Brutes of the Land.

Mod. All Kings are Tyrants, and the Kirk never Thrives but when founded upon their Blood——, a Thouſand Pound again for one of their Heads! O that would reliſh ſweetly.

Salath. They are the wicked of the Earth, and ſhould be deſtroyed. I proved three Years ago, that all the K—s of *Scotland* were damn'd, becauſe all *Papiſts*: And now I think K. *W——m* will not break off.

Turb.

Turb. The Scripture ſays expreſly, That ll the K—s of the Earth are ſet againſt Chriſt nd his Cauſe, we ſhould then obſerve the llowing Advice; *Let us break their Bonds, nd cut their Cords aſunder*: That's the Oath Alledgeance and Aſſurance. *Let us ſtir up r Brethren in the* Weſt *to ſhake that Tyrant's hrone*

All cry, *An excellent Overture; we'll all llow it.* [*Re-enter* Captain.

Capt. Pack ye off, ye Villains.

Mod. We have even been praying for the —g, for as ill as he is to us.

Capt. Get you gone you Villains.

Mod. We'll even ſing a ouble *Ver.* out of the 109 *Pſ.* *Exeunt all in Confuſion ſinging.*

Set thou the Wicked over him,
and upon his right Hand;
Give thou his greateſt Enemy,
ev'n Satan leave to ſtand:
And when by thee, he ſhall be judg'd,
let him condemned be,
And let his Pray'r be turn'd to Sin,
when he doth call on thee.
Few be his Days, and in his Room,
his Charge another take:
And cauſe the Terrors of the Lord,
his Diadem to break.

EPILOGUE.

OUr Play is done, that Circumſtance you Plot,
Our Authors have on mere Deſign forgot;
For the *Fanaticks* (whom they repreſent)
Have no fixt Plot, nor regular Intent:
They *Dash* thro' thick and thin, amid'ſt the Throng;
They've *jumbled* right, and all their *Neighbours* wrong
Their *Int'reſt* drives them on moſt furiouſly,
Without the common Rules of Policy.
Perhaps our Freedom may ſome Anger raiſe;
But, ſpeaking Truth, we crave not any Praiſe:
We do, for Truth, with that ſame Courage write,
That honeſt *Tories* for their K——g do fight.
We fear not, then, a private Shot or Stob;
Nor yet the fury of the *Weſtern* Mob:
Neither the greater *Rabble* of the State,
Who did their lawful *Sov'raign* Abdicate.
Some, alſo, who have greater *Zeal* than Wit,
May think we do *Burleſque* the *Holy-Writ*;
Becauſe our *Hero's* ſometime make Addreſs
In *Sacred* Phraſe, into their Miſtreſſes:
But the Intelligent will always ſay,
We only keep *Decorum* in our Play.
For, *Jack* without a *Scripture* Phraſe——
Could not his Miſtreſs Court——
Nor *Cheat* without a *Prayer*——
And ſince that Prayers are ſo much in Vogue,
I will with *One*, conclude this *Epilogue*:
Let the juſt *Heav'ns*, our K—— in Peace *Reſtore*,
And *Villains* never wrong us any more.

FINIS.